

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

ORGANIZED temperance, will, it is said, proceed at once to confront all candidates for the Ontario Legislature with two questions to which straight answers will be demanded, (1) as to whether they are for or against the clause requiring a three-fifths majority to carry local option, and (2) whether they are for or against the abolition of the bar. This news is heard with dismay in political circles. It is the habit of the candidate to side step issues of this kind and converse with extremists only in a most confidential way, hinting that he will be with them heart and soul when the time comes, but does not wish to weaken himself by premature declarations. He does not wish to antagonize anybody whose vote might possibly be secured. Hang it all! he wants to be elected, and he does not want to be asked questions publicly unless by answering them he can improve his prospects and weaken his opponent.

Curiously enough, the men who intend to confront candidates with these two questions announce at the same time that they will urge upon the candidates the view that they should refuse to be dictated to by the political parties to which they belong, but should hold themselves free to follow their own judgment on these points. But in reality it is not their own judgment they are to follow, for they are to be pledged, whenever their fear of defeat can be operated on, to follow the judgment, and accept the dictation of the Temperance League.

Somebody at Washington has said that the cause of prohibition had more Congressmen championing it on the stump and keeping quiet about it in Congress than any other question whatever. The same is true of this country, for here as there hypocrisy is encouraged on the subject. The man who will give his insincere assent to a temperance programme which he will not carry out, is cheered and elected; while the man who is too honest to lie and who refuses to pretend that he will do what he knows will not be done, is held up to shocked public view as an avowed friend of evil. In Ontario we have had a generation of humblersiding on the prohibition vs. drink question. We have had scarcely one public man, great or small, who has not stooped to counterfeit a zeal for the suppression of the liquor traffic which he has not felt. Believing that the thing can not be done in any full and satisfactory way; yet not having the courage to say so, they have played to gain time and shunt the difficulty along.

Not being a candidate for anything, I am free to say that the three-fifths clause strikes me as the sanest step taken in

ity restore them. It takes a substantial majority to disturb affairs—a majority so substantial that there need be no reason anywhere for doubting that opinion is rooted and may be relied on as likely to be permanent. Hitherto,

on the passage of any such by-law, it has been the custom of those who lost their licenses, to nail up their driving sheds, remove the handles from their pumps, board up their windows, for three years keeping a half-open house, neither offering adequate hotel accommodation for the local or travelling public, nor vacating the field so that others could do so. These men, feeling injured, claiming to have been deprived

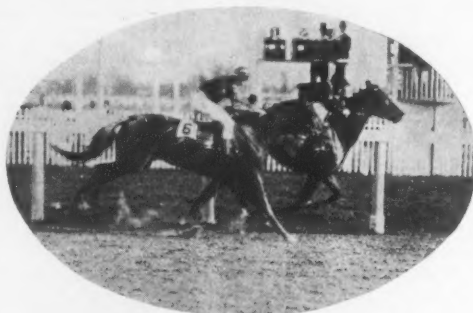
in favor of "the abolition of the bar." This phrase does not mean provincial prohibition, nor does it harmonize with the Local Option movement. The proposal to abolish the bars means that the retail sale of liquor by the glass,

and the treating system be abolished. The sale of liquor in packages would be continued. There would be restrictions, but what would these restrictions be? Would shop licenses still be issued as now, or is it suggested that the State should take over the sale, and, as some express it, eliminate all the possibility of profit on the part of those who do the selling? The proposal to abolish the bars has not as yet been sufficiently dis-

in that city has sent me one of the tags in question, along with newspaper clippings showing how the people on that day jollied themselves into generosity so that funds might be provided with which to clear every vacant lot and equip it as a children's playground. New York has of late spent five million dollars in opening up spaces where youngsters can disport themselves, while Chicago in three years has invested eleven million dollars in eleven athletic and recreation centres, each covering at least ten acres, and situated in the most congested districts. The annual cost of maintenance to the city is \$400,000. And now Philadelphia falls into line, will level up vacant lots so that they will be serviceable for play, and will presently break gaps in solidly built sections, let in light and air and give the children reason to believe that they are wanted in this world and are provided for in the general scheme of things. Boys must do something, and experience shows that it is bad for them, and bad for society, to force them on the street, where, in seeking natural and in itself harmless amusement, they become, almost from the cradle, expert dodgers of the police. Of the present population of Toronto a great majority spent their early youth in the wide open spaces of the country, while those who were born in the city must admit that it was a very different city from what it is now. When a man walks through the close-built residential sections where children are as numerous as they should be, he cannot fail to contrast the conditions under which they exist with the much wholesomier environment of his own youth. As one hears of the charges laid in the Children's Court, or as he sees little shavers abandoning their game of ball on the street and scampering to their burrows on the approach of a policeman, he must admit that it is not surprising at all that many of these little people get on the wrong side of

the law. That natural and healthy love of mischief which is strongest in a child of pronounced personality, grows too often into crime—for the energy, enterprise and love of adventure in a boy finds no lawful outlet. Boys in Toronto are sent to reformatories for offences which boys in rural parts commit without any such ruinous punishment, and these unpunished boys in towns and villages in time become foremost citizens. There is every reason to believe that by mere chance large numbers of boys and girls in this and all our cities, are diverted into evil ways, while quite as capable as any others of becoming honest men and women. We should strive to improve the conditions of these little people, and increase their chances of doing well in life. It concerns the whole population.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward has been trying to interest us in this question. A little pamphlet is in circulation containing an address given before the Empire Club in Toronto by Mr. J. J. Kelso, advocating the establishment



FINISH OF THE KING'S PLATE.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURSE.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

OPENING DAY AT THE WOODBINE



SENATOR MELVIN-JONES, MR. JOSEPH SEAGRAM, MR. E. B. OSLER, M.P., SIR MORTIMER CLARK.



Hon. Mr. Justice Mabee.
Chief Justice Sir William Mulock,
ON THE MEMBERS' LAWN.



Mr. Chas. M. Hays. Mr. T. P. Phelan.
Mr. F. H. McGulgan. Mr. E. H. Fitzhugh.
PROMINENT RAILWAY MEN.

the whole history of legislation along this line, and I venture the prediction that before we are much older this view will be universally accepted. Presently it will not be those opposed to the sale of liquor but those who favor the sale of it, who will be protesting against the three-fifths clause. The failure of the Dunkin Act and the Scott Act was due to certain causes, and we should be able to ascertain what they were. Some say they failed because no law forbidding the sale and consumption of liquor can succeed while the demand for intoxicants remains active. Others say those local prohibitory laws failed for lack of enforcement. Others ascribe their failure to the doubt as to whether they could succeed or would continue. Perhaps various causes contributed to their failure. The present form of municipal prohibition is called Local Option, and when a municipality votes on the question as to whether all licenses shall be cancelled, it is required that in order to bring about the change, there shall be a three-fifths majority of the votes cast. Should the change be made, a vote on the question of repeal and going back to the license system can be submitted in three years, but a return to the license system cannot be made unless a three-fifths majority is given in favor of that course. That is to say, a bare majority cannot overturn existing conditions, nor, when these conditions have been overturned, can a bare major-

of licenses they had paid money for, believed that the change was but a fad of which the people would repent. So the object was to demonstrate the failure of the prohibitive by-law; to show that it forced the people to do without hotel accommodation; that it raised the price and reduced the quality of meals, and did not prevent the sale of liquor and the presence of drunkenness. A struggle, with no seeming end to it, was on. But if a majority strong enough to be permanent, declares itself one way or the other, on this question, the community is not kept in hot water all the time. Uncertainty is largely removed. Instead of a continual struggle, there is a prospect that a municipality can adopt a prohibitory by-law and clamp it on so that it will stay. Instead of the houses that used to have licenses being conducted to show how utterly unsatisfactory they can make themselves, the "dry" era will be accepted as permanent, and public houses where they are needed will pass into the hands of men who will try to succeed in the management of them.

NOT being a candidate for anything, I can also say that it is somewhat premature to confront candidates for the Legislature with the question as to whether they are

cussed to enable candidates for the Legislature to commit themselves in regard to it, for they do not know, nor can those who would question them tell them, what conditions they propose to establish should they wipe out the present license system. The uncompromising prohibitionist wants to abolish everything connected with the liquor business; while many who never enter barrooms and would willingly see them abolished, are by no means ready to see wine, beer and spirits wholly banished. It appears to be necessary, therefore, for those who would introduce the question of abolishing the bars, to explain fully what their policy would involve before demanding that candidates shall declare themselves for or against it.

A STRANGER happening to be in Philadelphia on the 20th of May, must have fancied that the inhabitants had gone crazy. It was Tag Day in that city. Men, women and children were going about "tagging" the citizens—touching them for contributions to a fund to provide playgrounds for the children, especially in the crowded districts, and adorning the button-hole of each contributor with a tag bearing the inscription: "I am tagged to help the children of Philadelphia." A reader

of playgrounds. There are some who denounce the tendency of the hour to "run to fads," but there is something more than a fad in the idea that children in crowded districts must have space in which to play, or life for them will be dwarfed and an undue proportion of them will turn into forbidden paths, to their own injury and to that of us all. Adults do not need acres of green grass to look at in the parks, nearly as much as the children need acres of turf or well-trodden ground in which to play ball, lacrosse, cricket and such romping games as they know or care to invent. "Athletic fields in the suburbs are all right enough," says Mr. Kelso, "but we ought to have in the heart of the city, even if the land is valuable, small playgrounds properly equipped and supervised where the children can play to their heart's content." Even though land be valuable it can be put to no use which will more surely yield its value to us as a people than in this way. It will mean life to many who would otherwise die, health to many who would otherwise be weaklings, useful lives to many who would otherwise pick up the ways of vice and crime. What sense is there in talking about cost in such a connection? The greatest crop this country produces is a crop of human beings and no land is too valuable on which to grow them rightly. People everywhere are being aroused to

a sense of responsibility and the knowledge that both disease and crime are largely preventable.

HARRY THAW'S application to be released from the asylum for the insane has been refused, the court finding that his condition is not improved. Yet if he had not committed a murder he might have been at large all this time, a fine example of the idle rich, startling Paris and New York with his squanderings, nobody venturing to suspect him of common, everyday lunacy.

IN recent issues mention has been made of picture post cards illustrating scenes in Canada, but bearing the imprint "made in Germany." The German printers in one case, and that not the first, painted in the United States flag and represented it as flying over one of the greatest mills in Canada. Of course the error was unintentional and due to an extreme desire to please, but it is rather tough that in advertising our scenery and public buildings we should have these postal cards printed in one foreign country and blunderingly decorated with the flag of another. A letter has come to hand from Mr. George Brigen, manager of the Toronto Engraving Company, Limited. He says:

We most heartily agree with you that this work should all be done in Canada, and as an example of what is done in Canada we are enclosing a few cards printed from plates engraved by us and supplied to the Warwick Bros. & Rutter Company. We believe that you will agree with us that they are all that could be desired, that they are every bit as good as any of the German productions and are an evidence that the Canadians are not behind the continental firms as far as quality of their work along this particular line is concerned.

Unfortunately, however, we are up against the problem of cheap labor: the English and Continental workmen being paid very considerably less than those employed in similar work in Canada and the United States. There is but one way whereby this difficulty may be overcome, and that is by increasing the duty on English and European cards, and adding a further surtax to those of German origin.

A firm dealing extensively in German cards writes to tell me that Canadian publishers cannot compete in quality and price with imported work. They may not be able to compete in price, but the samples sent me by Mr. Brigen are a complete answer to the German claim that their work is superior in quality. Some of these cards representing "Country Life in Canada" are as fine examples of delicate color printing as one would wish to see. But, no longer possessing any advantage as to quality, I believe the German printers have cut prices of late to a figure which, as Mr. Brigen says, cannot be met in this country owing to the higher wages paid mechanics. Expert labor is not so cheap with us, and the general cost of production is necessarily somewhat higher. Our correspondent suggests that a tariff increase is necessary, but one would suppose that a public attitude of mind would in itself be sufficient to meet the case. These picture postal cards are circulated in millions—and tourists in crossing Canada send them to all parts of the world—showing our mountains, waterfalls, wheat-fields, timber-rafts, sports and games, cities and towns, public buildings, great factories, etc. These cards depict the country in a most attractive and effective way, yet they misrepresent the country when they convey the impression that our print shops are in Germany and that we must send our photographs across the ocean to have them reproduced. It is not only the employment of which our engravers and printers are deprived that leads to this protest, but the failure of Canada to advertise the efficiency of her own industries through a medium that circulates the world over.

NO doubt the leading men on both sides will be re-elected to the Ontario Legislature, and no doubt Mr. Whitney will come back with a reduced, but still a large majority. Aside from party considerations and those promptings of personal friendship which cause a man to desire that certain good fellows on both sides shall not suffer defeat, when they are anxious to win, one finds it difficult to discover reasons for concern as to the fate of many of the members except Hon. Adam Beck in London. He stands for something. He represents an idea in the Legislature, which, were he left at home, might fare badly there. People elsewhere will look to the electors of 806 London to return Mr. Beck by a vote so large that others will be encouraged to display a usefulness such as his. It is all very well for men to think noble thoughts all day long, but when a man gets out in the open and tries to do something for the general welfare, voters in a practical age should give him a backing that will have significance in it. There are interests that would be highly pleased if Mr. Beck could be turned down in London. It would be regarded as quite a feat, and one solving many things, not easy to solve in any other way. On election night there will be more enquiries throughout Ontario as to the fate of Mr. Beck than as to that of any other candidate. The reason will be that he stands for something—his election or defeat, really matters.

In Toronto there is always a lot of uncertainty as to local results until polling day, but the outcome generally is a clean sweep for the straight nominees of the Conservative party. Some day this ascendancy of one party will be broken, as it should be, because it is not in the interests of the city nor of either political party—for the party that is sure of winning grows at times careless in choosing candidates, while the party that feels doomed to defeat, cannot induce its best men to enter the field. D. C. Hossack is going to give John Shaw a fight in the north, although the influences at work in that riding have so many cross currents that none but an inspired prophet could venture to make a prediction as to the outcome. The independent Conservative candidature of A. W. Wright in West Toronto against W. D. McPherson complicates the situation there. It may not be until the last moment that signal fires will be lighted throughout the riding notifying the clans under which chief to gather.

AFTER an altercation between The Globe and Premier Whitney, Hon. Robert Jaffrey resigned his seat on the Niagara Park Commission, whereupon The Mail and Mr. Whitney have suggested to J. A. Macdonald, editor of The Globe, that it would not be out of place were he to resign his seat on the University Commission. The suggestion seems somewhat ungracious, but it may be that the Premier suspected that the editor of The Globe intended to resign in a dramatic way on the eve of the polling.

THE Prince Rupert newspaper, The Empire, says "East Prince Rupert," where lots have been widely advertised as for sale and to which reference has been made in these columns, "is a rank wild-cat," and advises no one to buy townsite lots in the Skeena district without seeing them.

The secretary of the Vancouver Board of Trade, an official of the British Columbia government, and an official of the Grand Trunk Pacific, have joined in a public warning that lots widely advertised by the "Prince Rupert Townsite Co." are not at the transcontinental railway terminus of the same name, but "eight miles south."

HUSTLE WHILE YOU WAIT

By JAMES P. HAVERSON

I've heard it said that everything
Will come to those who wait
And that we should possess our souls
In patience most sedate.

No doubt that maxim, in its way,
Is very good indeed;
But, friend, if you are going some,
I wouldn't slacken speed.

Don't take to sleeping overtime
Believing that a snap,
An Al Fortunatus plum,
Will tumble in your lap.

I would advise a middle course:
Just keep an eye on Fate,
But take the opportunity
To hustle while you wait.

And yet East Prince Rupert lots have had their wonderful attractions spread forth in full-page advertisements in three daily newspapers which are disposed to regard themselves as the Big Three of Canadian journalism. They are supposed to be wealthy newspapers, reputable, setting standards of business which others may follow. I refer to the Toronto Globe, the Montreal Star and the Winnipeg Free Press. These journals are in the front rank in every respect as newspapers; ask them and they will tell you that they are in a class by themselves as regards the outlay at which they serve their readers and as regards the substantial character of the business they transact. Yet, apparently without asking any questions, each of these journals sold a page of its space to boom "town" lots in East Prince Rupert, although in these advertisements not a name was given of anybody connected with the company offering the lots for sale, nor was a single reference of any kind given. If any person in the office of The Globe, or of The Montreal Star, or of The Winnipeg Free Press read the copy of the advertisement before it was printed, he must, at least have known that the lots were not in the territory included in the G. T. P. terminus, and he must have known that all the land to which the railway expected to be able to impart a value—and perhaps much more—was included in the company's holdings.

It may very well be, that owing to the publication of these full-page advertisements in these three reputable journals, thousands of persons have been induced to invest their money in these lots.

These three newspapers are mentioned because they are at the very front of the business, and they are mentioned because it seems high time for the press to consider its responsibility in promoting the sale of lots here, there and everywhere on glowing promises of huge profits, and pushing the sale far and near of shares in alleged mines which never were, and never will be, worked. It is all very well to say that the business manager of a newspaper cannot investigate remote mining claims, but he can read the advertisement he is asked to print, and when he sees that it is bait for suckers and absolutely nothing else, he can refuse to assist in gouging readers who to some extent trust his journal—although every year sees the confidence of the reading public in the press diminish. Within a week I have had a call from a man who invested a round sum of money in the shares of a so-called mine widely advertised in the Toronto dailies—a Canadian resident in the United States, who had carried away with him the notion that the leading newspapers of this country would not boom a mining proposition unless it had behind it the color of minerals, and the backing of men who could be relied on not to lure investors into ventures in which they had no faith and in which they were not putting their own money. But what does a man find, who goes to a daily newspaper office to enquire about the hundred dollars he put into a mining or town lot venture—a deal which the newspaper put through, in its advertising capacity acting as agent or canvasser? He finds that the newspaper knows nothing about the matter, except that copy for the advertisement was submitted in the usual way and paid for. It seems quite reasonable to suppose that if newspapers do not exercise an increased caution in their efforts to protect their readers against alluring and misleading advertisements, the task of protecting the public will be assumed by the State and all publications censored by an official.

THE second and concluding part of Arthur Heming's story, "Beyond Man," appears on page eleven of this issue. It is illustrated by the author, whose first story appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT several years ago. Mr. Heming as a writer and illustrator has won a place for himself with the best periodicals on the continent, and the present story is appearing simultaneously in this journal and in the Sunday Magazine in New York and Chicago. The first half was published in our issue of last week, and those who read it will agree that it is a story of much merit, showing as it does the spirit which has made the Northwest Mounted Police a source of pride to Canadians. With the men of that force and the vast country over which they range in the discharge of their duties, Arthur Heming is familiar, as he has travelled a great deal with trappers, hunters and Indians in the extreme Northwest. Mr. Heming is at present visiting his home in Hamilton, although of late years he makes his headquarters in New York.

An Appeal for the London Fresh Air Fund.

London, Eng., May 14.

Editor Saturday Night: May I once again trespass on your courtesy in order to bring before your readers the condition and needs of the Fresh Air Fund? As you may perhaps remember the Fresh Air Fund which I founded sixteen years ago does a work of charity which must always appeal with peculiar force to the sympathies of colonials the world over, for it touches the lots of children—poor, helpless children, left in the horror and misery of our dark English slums.

For the tiny sum of ninepence it undertakes to send a waif out of the squalid rookeries of our great cities for a day in the fresh, sweet pure air of the English country; to pay the cost of the railway journey, to provide skilled and careful attendants to look after it and organize its games, to give it two good solid meals, and finally return it to its home refreshed and delighted, if rather tired. During the sixteen years of its labors on behalf of suffering childhood the Fresh Air Fund has given country holidays to a total of 1,849,565 little ones. Unfortunately the last state of the slums of our great cities is worse than it was when I began in 1892, and it is the simple fact that if the poor little waifs who dwell there—many of whom have never seen a blade of grass or a tree, or taken a simple breath of fresh air into their parched little lungs—are ever to get a day's holiday in their lives they can, in many cases, only get it through the Fresh Air Fund.

In these circumstances I do appeal most earnestly to your readers to send a subscription for the fund—no matter how small it may be—to the care of the Editor of Saturday Night

or to the honorary secretary of the fund at the Standard office, 104 Shoe Lane, London, E.C. Every penny so received goes direct to the benefit of the waifs. No advertising is taken from it for expenses. The whole of the cost of organization is borne by the papers I control and the Ragged School Union. If ninepence is subscribed, or multiples of ninepence (2s. 6d. will take a whole party of 26 with the necessary attendants) you may take my word that the money sends so many slum waifs for a day's genuine health-giving enjoyment as surely as day follows night.

I am particularly anxious this year to make our subscription list larger, and for this reason: For many years now I have been worried to know what to do with the waifs that came into my hands, ill, diseased, broken in health, bruised in mind, crushed in spirit, the offspring of drunken, criminal or hopelessly degenerate parents—mites who obviously stand on the brink of the grave, or a long stretch of sickness, and who as obviously need more than a day in the country air to give them even a fighting chance of life. And I have, after careful thought, decided that this must be the programme for 1908. The Fresh Air Fund, if only kind friends will sufficiently help it with subscriptions, must this summer send away for a day's treat 200,000 children. An extra 2,000 of the neediest, the most wretched and the most hopeless must be given a holiday in the fresh air in an English village that will last a whole fortnight. This I know is a big task. It will involve an outlay of nearly ten thousand pounds, and ten thousand pounds I recognize is a heavy sum to raise in these hard times with a small common basis of ninepence. But the hearts of the fathers and mothers and the childless people of the Empire beats true. A child's tears do not go unmarked. In Greater Britain, or unhealed. As I sit in the centre of the great city of London, almost within a stone's throw of the very destitution and misery that makes the Fresh Air Fund a necessity, I feel somehow sure that these little ones will not cry out to you, to me—or to our neighbors across the way—in vain. I beg you, therefore, to send the Fresh Air Fund all that you can spare. Each subscription of ninepence will bring great good and joy to the children—and I trust a very great blessing to yourselves.

Yours faithfully,
C. Arthur Pearson.

In Danger He Thought of Others, Not Himself.

Toronto, May 25.
Editor Saturday Night: The circumstances in connection with the recent death of Clarence Bernard, the Toronto commercial traveller, who expired after jumping from the balcony of a burning hotel, are such as to call forth general sympathy. Mr. Bernard arose at the alarm and, after dressing, hurried towards the back stairs, to which the hotel proprietor had directed him. He was joining on the general rush when he noticed two women hastening towards the front rooms. He called to them that their course was unsafe, but they hurried on. Mr. Bernard then turned and followed to dissuade them, but, on reaching the front balcony, discovered that retreat was impossible. Ladders were being procured when the flames burst through the doors behind the endangered guests, forcing them to jump to the pavement which was only sixteen feet below.

Everyone who knew "Barney," as Mr. Bernard was familiarly called among his fellow-travellers, would be confident of his coolness and chivalry in such a moment of trial. While his effort to save others was in vain, the nobility of the attempt is touchingly evident. Even those in the home who this tragedy has left desolate do not regret his sacrificing course. Is it not time, however, that such conditions as appear to have existed in the Queen's Hotel, at Tillsonburg, were made an emphatic offence against the law? Reports are somewhat conflicting, but, at least, it is plain that there was no night watchman, that there was no system for general alarm and that the fire escapes provided were inadequate. It is to be hoped that the promised "investigation" will take place if it will mean strict regulations for the safety of the travelling public. Those hotel-keepers who have neglected to provide for meeting such an awful emergency as that of last week should surely be forced, by law, to comply with the requirements of civilization. Commercial travellers are not given to complaint. Their business demands a "give-and-take" attitude towards annoyances and discomforts; but when a traveller declared last week that the province is filled with such fire-traps as the Tillsonburg hotel, it is certainly time to demand their investigation and proper equipment. The high purpose of the man who lost his life will not be forgotten, but the occasion for such unselfishness is not a matter for provincial pride.

Citizen.

A Black Newspaper with White Ink.

Welland, May 21.

Editor Saturday Night: Your excellent paper has taken some interest in the pulp problem and noted not long ago the suggestion that the paper of the future would be printed in white on a black sheet. I thought it might be interesting to you to learn that so far back as August 26, 1882, this was done. I have in my possession a copy of "Canada First" of that date, a black paper printed in white ink. An explanatory note says: "To-day we issue 'Canada First' with white ink on black paper, as an experiment and in honor of the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science." For the entertainment of the scientists an organ recital was given in Christ's Church Cathedral by Dr. Davies, in later years a well-known organist in Galt and Detroit. Probably the issue has no news item more interesting to readers of Saturday Night than this: "Toronto has made arrangements to have 50 electric lights on their exhibition grounds during the five evenings of the Fair continues."

Yours sincerely,
Louis Blake Duff.

Commercial Travellers and Hotel Fires.

Tillsonburg, May 20.

Editor Saturday Night: I am a commercial traveller, new in the business, without any knocking pretensions and willing in most circumstances to take things as I find them. Since my initiation to the road I have been in about every commercial hotel from Toronto to Sarnia, south of the main line of the G. T. R., and have often courted slumber at night with this fact staring me in the face, that if by any mischance fire visited us there was little or no provision made for it. I believe I am safe in saying that one-third of the hotel bedrooms are without ropes or the apparatus that would enable one to take care of himself in case of fire. In the instance of a traveller retiring for the night, he is a perfect stranger to the lay of the room, and the surroundings of the house, and invariably will be shaken in the morning wondering, for the moment, "where he is at."

Awakened with cries of fire and the room full of smoke, he has about as much chance of escape as a horse in a stall. Surely there is a law regarding adequate fire protection in public houses and the safe housing of the travelling public. A three-story frame hotel, heated with large box stoves (and box stoves heat some) is a fire trap no matter if there was a fire escape from every room. We are running up against this often enough to be a serious menace, and any publicity you might give this letter that would lead to some action by the authorities, would be appreciated.

Yours truly,
Carbon.

AT the request of the postal authorities we desire to remind the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT that in remailing a copy of this paper to a friend in Canada, the United States, or Great Britain, it is necessary to affix a two-cent stamp. A great many people remit their copies of this journal to distant friends, and the postal authorities complain that too many of them only affix a one-cent stamp, which is insufficient postage. The better way, of course, is to subscribe direct to this office and have the paper sent direct to your distant friend—which is being done by an increasing number of our readers.

IN inviting Mr. Bryan to attend the national resources conference in Washington, President Roosevelt describes him as one of the "six greatest Americans in private life."

THE Peasant in Literature was a somewhat inappropriate subject for Mrs. Humphrey Ward's first lecture in a country that hasn't any peasants or literature either.—Toronto Telegram.



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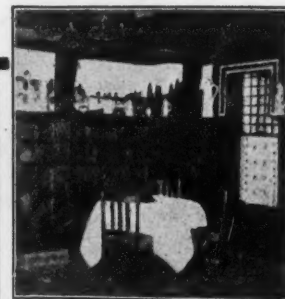
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READER
THE WEEK-END IDEA
There are scores of places on the C. P. R. where you can rest up over Sunday, renew your energy for next week, and easily get back to business Monday. Summer is almost with us and perhaps you hanker for the grip of a fishing-rod or a paddle. Try a week-end in Muskoka—special Saturday-to-Monday excursion rates apply to Muskoka as well as to over a hundred points nearer Toronto.

A street car is a modern convenience which a civilized man will chase for three blocks in order to be crushed, insulted and humiliated in it for two.—Southwestern's Book.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL



TORONTO, MAY 28.
THE tendency is towards easier rates for call money in Canada. While it had been thought that local banks were extending accommodation on this class of collateral, some surprise was expressed on the appearance of the April bank statement last week to find that call loans in Canada had actually decreased over \$2,000,000 during the past month, and that foreign loans had also decreased, but the latter fell off only to the extent of \$1,250,000. The domestic loans were the smallest in about three years. It is plain, therefore, that our banks are not fostering speculation. The situation, doubtless, does not warrant free lending on stocks, and this applies as well to the loans made of a purely business character. For we find that commercial discounts in April were reduced \$5,300,000, and the total amount of this class of loans was \$539,330,000 as compared with \$586,149,000 a year ago, a contraction in that period of \$46,819,000. The restriction in credits probably means our banks are preparing for the financing of the crops, the outlook at present being that the grain yield will exceed that of any previous year in Canada. Estimates are being made that the wheat yield in the Canadian Northwest this year will aggregate 120,000,000 bushels. The increased speculation here in securities gave rise to the report that banks must be lending more freely, but it would now appear as if many holders of international securities had arranged with their New York brokers to have their stocks carried there instead of here. There is a difference of about 2 per cent. in the money rates, which favor New York. The Canadian deposits in our banks show a further increase, but this increase in April was smaller than in March. The increase was \$6,000,000 in April, as against an increase of \$8,000,000 in March. While trade discounts, on the other hand, increased about \$4,000,000 in March, they decreased \$5,700,000 in April. In April of last year these commercial discounts increased \$7,000,000.

The market for securities, while showing some irregularity, has on the whole been fairly steady. A great many purchases have been made out-right by investors, and the floating supply of some issues has in consequence been limited. The advance in Winnipeg Electric has been maintained, and as a 10 per cent. dividend payer it is still much cheaper than Montreal Street, for instance. The franchise of the latter company expires five years earlier than that of the Winnipeg Co. This concern pays only 5 per cent. of its receipts to the city of Winnipeg, whereas the percentage payable by the Montreal Company increases, like that of the Toronto Railway Company, to as high as 15 per cent. on receipts above \$3,000,000. The Winnipeg Co. also owns the Electric Light and Gas Companies, as well as the Water Power Plant. The Toronto Railway Company stock continues as dull as ever. Earnings continue to show up well, but the stock, which receives 6 per cent. fails to reach par. The Mackays have been steady, with regular quarterly dividends of 1 per cent. on common and preferred declared this week. The earnings of the American Telegraph Co., in which the Mackay Companies have large holdings, show large increases. Canadian Pacific stock has reacted some in sympathy with lower prices in New York and London. The earnings are still unsatisfactory. Gross receipts for the first three weeks of this month decreased over \$1,000,000 as compared with the corresponding period of last year, and it seems probable that the net earnings for the current fiscal year will show a decrease of \$4,000,000 as compared with the previous year.

Wall Street sentiment is more mixed than it has been at any time since the upward movement began. **Skeptical.** The more conservative banking and brokerage houses find that careful investors, becoming skeptical of the genuineness of the rise and fearing that something untoward must happen sooner or later, have not only ceased buying but have evidenced a desire to reduce commitments in order to make sure of the substantial profits standing in their names. Realizing has thus acted as a brake upon what threatened to become a reckless, unreasonable boom. Unquestionably this development has created poignant disappointment among the financial interests who were manipulating the market, for they had hoped that long ere now the public as well as foreign investors would join the movement with enthusiasm and make wholesale distribution possible. The manipulators have not withdrawn in despair, yet when stocks are pressed for sale they prefer to buy at recessions rather than at a constantly advancing level. The final outcome hangs in the balance.

Folks in Wall Street who have been watching very closely the progress of bank clearings all over the country to determine the fluctuations of business noted with satisfaction last week that the figures were now rising at most points, and that the total for the week fell only some \$100,000,000 under that of the same period a year ago. One of the curious features of the situation was brought out during the week by a comparison printed in Wall Street of the bank clearings at Pittsburgh and Kansas City for the week ended May 9. Those for Pittsburgh amounted to \$36,372,000, and those for Kansas City to \$37,545,000. Pittsburgh, of course, has a much larger population than Kansas City, and is the real centre of the iron and steel trade; nevertheless, it fell behind Kansas City in activity. The deduction that the farmers are prosperous, as well as those lines directly dependent upon them, is further pointed out by the fact that in a comparison of the returns of these two cities for the week mentioned with those of the same week in 1907 it is found that Pittsburgh shows a falling off of 31 per cent. and Kansas City a gain of 25 per cent.

Last autumn, loans in London went at 6½ per cent.; now the rate is 1½ per cent. Paris quoted 4½ per cent. six months ago; it also got down this week to 1½. Berlin, where loans in November went at 7 per cent., quote 3½ per cent. The London and Paris rates were discussed as something unheard-of by the financial cables; but memories are short. About one year after the United States panic of 1893 (during which episode Berlin and London quoted 5 per cent.) three months' loans on the London market

went at the somewhat extraordinary rate of ½ of 1 per cent. per annum. Berlin was then asking 1½ for the same maturities; Paris 1½. The cause of that "cheap money" episode in Europe was no mystery; it was the same as has operated in the world-wide trade reaction of 1908. Then, as now, gold reserves of the great European banks heaped up and their loans decreased. A more interesting question is, whether the "Kaffir boom," which excited the London Stock Exchange at the end of 1894, was or was not a result of this easy money.

Walter C. Nichol, of the Vancouver Province, is in Toronto this week, having come East on a business trip in connection with his journal, which has grown to be one of the important dailies of the Dominion. He reports business as being brisk on the Coast. Mr. Nichol is well known in Toronto and meets old friends at every turn in this city. He was assistant editor to Mr. E. E. Sheppard when SATURDAY NIGHT was founded over twenty years ago, and later on became editor of the Hamilton Herald, and afterwards editor of the London News, a daily which has since ceased to exist. Ten or twelve years ago Mr. Nichol went out to British Columbia and fancied he saw an opening in Vancouver for a new daily, and presently The Province, which was then a weekly with headquarters at Victoria, was under his management, moved to Vancouver and changed into a daily. Its phenomenal success as a newspaper and as a business, is well known among journalists.



MR. WALTER C. NICHOL, VANCOUVER.

During the past week two other Western journalists have also visited the city, Mr. Knox Magee of Winnipeg and Mr. J. J. Young of Calgary, the latter, however, having recently sold out the Daily Herald in his city while retaining his printing business. Mr. Magee is publishing one of the liveliest weeklies in Canada in the Saturday Post of Winnipeg and the stirring life in which he is engaged appears to suit him well.

Just at present the Canadian mails seem to be loaded down with all kinds of get-rich-quick letters from Kansas City and many other places. A dozen or more of these letters have been sent in of late to this office by readers, in various parts of the province, who have received them. What strikes one on reading these letters, with their glowing promises of fabulous gains, is a feeling of wonder that the men who send out such letters can possibly earn postage by means of them. It is difficult to believe that these letters can succeed in inducing men to part with their good money for shares in mines, oil wells and town sites which, were they really worth anything, would not be peddled through the mails thousands of miles from home. But there must be a great many foolish people in North America. Does anybody suppose that if a man in Kansas City knows of a mineral or oil deposit so valuable that anybody investing a hundred dollars in it can earn a thousand dollars in six months, he would need to send circular letters to small villages in Ontario?



A YOUTHFUL INVESTOR.

Old Gentleman—"And if you had five hundred dollars and multiplied it by two, what would you get?"
Boy—"Nautomobile!"—Harper's Weekly.

If he had a property capable of earning even ten per cent. he would not need to go half a mile to get money to develop it.

A professional man in an Ontario town recently sent us a typewritten letter which he had received from Toronto, which bore the appearance of being a carefully misdirected letter, intended for some "Dear Tom," and proceeded to give him some wonderfully important inside information about how to get rich quick by buying certain lots in Toronto. The man who received this letter rightly concluded that it had not been misdirected at all, but was a clever little game, designed to excite his cupidity.

The editor of the London Statist, who personally visited Cobalt last year, makes a pungent attack upon the management of the Nipissing Mines Company, the enterprise in which the Guggenheims figured with a prominence that became distasteful to them. In the course of an exhaustive article the paper says: "We have before us the third report of the Nipissing Mines Company, as well as the two previous reports, and we have to make very strong complaint of the slipshod character of the reports and the variations in the dates up to which they are made. In the first report there was a beautiful vagueness as to dates, and in the second and third reports there appear confusion and

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Interest paid 4 times a year. Money may be withdrawn without notice.

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Every man, whether he be rich or poor, thinks before he makes an expenditure that is large in proportion to his income; but, with very little thought, he is apt to spend carelessly sums that are small in proportion to his income.

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THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Interest compounded four times a year. No delay in withdrawal.

Capital Paid-up \$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits \$1,241,532.26

THE damp weather of the past fortnight has just about filled the golf green-keeper's cup of woe. Under the stimulus of a humid atmosphere and hot sun almost every weed known to the temperate zone riots forth on the fair green, and all the inventions of man are, for the time being, powerless to control their exuberance. But the worst is yet to come. The humble dandelion, modest flower of the field, will go to seed and cover the course with thousands of counterfeit golf balls, to the great exasperation of fussy players with indifferent eyesight.

True to tradition, they will make it a personal matter with the Greens Committee, and the martyrs composing that persecuted body will take it out of the greenkeeper. That is why we say his cup of woe is full; so when you see him engaged in his losing battle with the weeds of the earth, speak him fair and pass out the cigar you fear to smoke yourself. He will not know the difference, and you will have the satisfaction of having mitigated his lot and be able to congratulate yourself that you were not brought up to be a greenkeeper.

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With this as your guide you
cannot possibly err in the
choice of fine silverware.

Best tea sets, dishes, waiters,
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MERIDEN BRITA CO.
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The KINZINGER MFG. CO. CATALOG of Bathroom Fixtures

will be in your hands day
after to-morrow if you send
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We will send you what
fittings you select, by pre-
paid express, if you do not
know where to find our
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it's money back if you are
not entirely satisfied.

KINZINGER MFG. CO.
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is one of the most useful oils
known, and is a very valuable
article of diet.

But pureness is not all, as
even pure oils differ in quality
just as do the olives from which
the oil is pressed.

It is this feature of Quality
to which we give special atten-
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brands for your selection.

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KELSEY Warm Air Gener-
ator give more than twice
the heating capacity of any
other heater and cut your
coal bills 20 to 30 per cent.

They also FORCE the
warmed (not scorched)
air to every part of the
house giving great volumes
of pure air warmed to just
the right temperature in
every room no matter
whether exposed to cold
winds or distant located
from the Generator.

No Other Warm Air Sys-
tem Will Do This.

The KELSEY Warm Air Generator
has no pipes to leak, no unsightly
radiators, costs less to install than
steam or hot water, is simple to
operate and gives better results.

33,000 Sold To Home Owners.
Let us show you the ZIG-ZAG
HEAT TUBES

The James Smart Mfg. Co.
LIMITED
Winnipeg, Man. Brockville, Ont.

discrepancies as to the duration of the periods for which the statistics and figures are presented. This indefiniteness is not all that we have to complain of. Direct charges of broken promises with reference to supplying information are made, the over-lapping of account is shown, and the following conclusion is drawn: "Canadians make complaint that British investors have fought shy of Canadian mining enterprise and that there is virtually no British capital embarked in the Cobalt field. Is this to be wondered at when even a company of the importance of the one we now deal with behaves as it has done in the matter of promise and performance as to the transmission of vital information, and when, moreover, a company of such importance presents what facts and figures it gives to the shareholders in so loose a manner that even experts are bewildered and unable clearly to dig out essential points?"

The 15th of May and the 11th of November are two important days in the calendar of those loan companies who receive a large portion of their monetary supply from Scotland, says The Financial Post. These are the dates on which payments mostly fall due. Rents are collected and investments are made. According to the plentitude or scarcity of money on these dates the loan companies will get an increased supply of money or they will be called upon to pay up to debenture holders who need funds. The spring pay day in Scotland has proven this year to be a friend to the loan institutions of the Dominion. Renewals of debenture loans were very generally made in a gratifying manner and in most instances considerable new money was obtained. The Scotch people take kindly to mortgage debentures as investments, and not without good reason, for it is a well known fact that never in the history of Canada has any mortgage company been known to default on their debenture debt.

Money is more plentiful without a doubt. One company has at present about twice as much money awaiting investment as it had a year ago. This is exceptional, but it indicates however the fact that money is easing up somewhat. Some borrowers seem to talk as though a reduction in the rate on mortgage loans would soon occur, but no such thought is entertained seriously by the loan companies. There may be an easing up in the money supply, but there is a gilt-edged demand sufficient to absorb all the money available at present rates. In the western part of old Ontario competition is so keen that the market is frequently underbid. But in Toronto and elsewhere in Ontario, six per cent. is the best rate which can be expected, not only till after the future of the Canadian crop is assured, but till the payment of the crop is actually made.

Samuel de Champlain.

BY the burning log
He smelt the breath of pines that blackly loom
On flaming compact of the sunset clouds,
Piling the mountains, where white winter shrouds
Dumb waters in a solitary gloom.
So dreamed he, and with spring his fantasy
Was winged to see the unfettered land rejoice,
Roused as a giant; to hear the myriad voice,
A noise of waters hurrying to the sea,
The snow-fed torrent's heavy plunging spray,
The duller rumble where the ice grew worn,
The swift continuous dropping all the day,
The gurgle of the tundras. Many a morn
He heard the crash of hurtling stalactite
Shivering to atoms; in the sharp sunlight
The first wild geese came honking up the vale,
Again the Red Man called him, and the trail,
Threading the labyrinthine forest through
To the sudden lake. He saw through city bars
Slow-dipping paddles of the birch canoe,
Spill silver on the silver shining stars
Reflected overside. Still called the wind,
Luring him further, further yet again,
To pierce the serried ranges or to find
The mystery of the illimitable plain.
Beneath the chestnut avenues at noon
There came a vision of a white cold moon
Above a dark and frowning cliff. Thrice called
He came, he built his fort, his palisade,
Between the waters and that dark cliff, walled,
And sowed a nation where his bones are laid.
— W. P. Osborne, in The University Magazine, Montreal.

When George Bernard Shaw Was a Clerk.

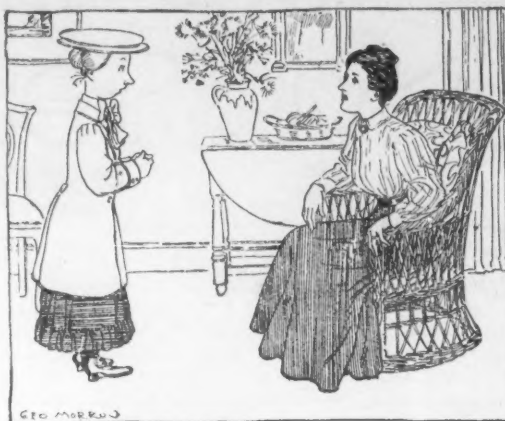
DEVELOP the qualities of sheepishness, docility, and cowardice to their utmost and you have the clerk, says George Bernard Shaw, the English playwright, in an article in The Illustrated Sunday Magazine on his own career as a clerk. Mr. Shaw believes that the average Englishman and American fall the easiest prey to the drudgery of clerkship. Basing this upon his own experiences, he says:

My father was a man of business. The particular way in which he did business as a corn merchant and mill-owner is now extinct, and was becoming extinct in his time, which means that he was getting poorer without knowing why; for, like ninety-nine out of a hundred men of business, he pursued a routine which he did not understand, and attributed his difficulties vaguely to want of capital, the sum he started with having gone in the bankruptcy of one of his customers. But though he had no capital to give me, it was assumed in the usual helplessness way that I was to become a man of business, too.

Accordingly, an uncle who, as a high official in a government department, had exceptional opportunities of obliging people, not to mention obstructing them if he disliked them, easily obtained for me a stool in a very genteel office; and I should have been there still if I had not broken loose in defiance of all prudence, and become a professional man of genius—a resource not open to every clerk. I mention this to show that the fact that I am not still a clerk may be regarded for the purposes of this article as a mere accident. I am not one of those successful men who can say: "Why don't you do as I did?"

One of my colleagues was an ancient bookkeeper. He had kept the books in a piano warehouse until he was an elderly man, when his employer retired, burned all his ledgers, and cast his bookkeeper adrift. Nowadays that bookkeeper would not find another job at his age; but in the early seventies in Ireland he drifted into the office with me. One day he told me that he suffered so much from cold feet that his life was miserable. I, full of the fantastic mischievousness of youth, told him that if he would keep his feet in ice-cold water every morning when he got up for two or three minutes, he would be completely cured.

Some time afterward he told me that he felt a great affection for me because I had cured his cold feet. He



AN UNFORTUNATE MISUNDERSTANDING.

"I had to leave my last situation because the missus said they were going to lead the sinful life, and they wouldn't want any servants about the place."—Punch.

had followed my advice; and his toes now glowed all day with a cheerful warmth. Perhaps they really glowed; perhaps it was only by contrast with the agony of the morning's freezing that they seemed warm. Anyhow, he supposed that I had cured him, and regarded me as a benefactor for the rest of his life. Being on these easy terms, we often had little discussions, in the course of which he would put to me such delicate points as whether he was justified in accepting a five-pound note which had reached him in an unaddressed envelope, and which had been placed there, he suspected, by a Parliamentary representative of the city of Dublin for whom he had voted.

One day he mentioned his son; and I asked him was his son also a bookkeeper. He suddenly became vehement to the verge of positive fury (I should never have supposed him either physically or morally capable of it), and declared that rather than see his son a clerk he would have let him die in his cradle. I concluded from this that he had made his son an Arctic explorer, or something heroic of that kind, and was considerably let down on hearing that he was only a chemist's assistant.

I wondered whether there was any clerk alive who really liked being a clerk, or who would choose that occupation for his son if he had any choice in the matter. When this old bookkeeper friend of mine died, which he presently did (possibly in consequence of putting his feet in cold water every morning), it was proposed that I should become bookkeeper. I flatly refused, to the astonishment of my excellent employer. His reason for making me the offer is worth mentioning. He wanted the position which I then held for a relative of his own. That is one of the things that happen to a clerk. He gets supplanted by a son or other relative of his own. In my case there was nothing to complain of. The arrangements made, and my friendly relations with the relative in question, left me no grievance in the matter; but the thing does not always occur in that way, and the likelihood of such supplantation gives an insecurity to clerkship which does not menace a warehouseman or a porter.

I was sober and respectable; and I bowed to my fate by assuming that when work was put into my hands I had to get it done one way or another. But there are lots of youths like that. There must, I should say, be an almost continuous supply of docile, respectable lads in their teens who, in return for a business training, and perhaps rather more social consideration than the ordinary clerk enjoys, are ready to do the work of an adult for the salary of a youth.

Office work is so largely routine that there is no reason in the nature of the work itself why they should not do it quite as well as men, if not better, though there may be every social reason for giving every youth a higher training, both physical and intellectual, than he can possibly get at an office desk. The effect of the competition of youths on adult clerks is disastrous. I cannot recollect the exact figures, but I know that the man whom I replaced was no better off than most clerks who have the handling of a good deal of money; that is to say, he had about enough to keep himself and his family on in the ordinary clerical way, and no more. I, being only seventeen years of age, accepted a rise of salary which brought my emoluments to about one-third of what he had been receiving. This was a crime much worse than most of those which are punished with two years' hard labor.

From Manse to Peerage.

SIR HENRY FOWLER, who has been elevated to the rank of viscount, is the son of a Methodist minister, and has himself taken a prominent part in the doings of that religious body in England. Born in Sunderland on May 16, 1830, he was trained for a legal career, becoming a solicitor at the age of twenty-two. His first entry into public life was made as a member of the Wolverhampton Town Council. At the age of thirty-three he was elected mayor of that town.

He entered Parliament in 1880, and four years later received his first appointment, as Under-Secretary for the Home Department. Thence, step by step, he rose to the post of Secretary of State for India. In this connection he proved his ability, and worked with such energy that his health suffered. He now occupies the position of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Sir Henry's two daughters have both won fame as writers. Mrs. A. L. Felkin, who writes under her maiden-name of Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, being perhaps the more famous.

Lord Ripon's Unique Record.

THE Marquis of Ripon, who retains the unpaid office of Lord Privy Seal in Mr. Asquith's new Cabinet, has established at least one remarkable record in politics, for he has sat, with one exception, in every Liberal Cabinet since Lord Palmerston's last Administration. The exception was that of Mr. Gladstone's second Government, when the Marquis was in India acting as Viceroy. While popular with the native rank and file he did not find favor with Europeans in India.

In a candid moment Lord Ripon once gave a very effusive admirer his own impressions of the matter. "I congratulate you on your courage and public spirit in pursuing such a large-minded and liberal policy in the East," said the gushing one.

"It is very good of you to say so, my dear —," replied his lordship, "but, to tell you the truth," (taking his friend's arm confidentially), "I don't believe that any one in India approved my policy except my old Scotch gardener!"

JOINT DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS

Two or more persons may open a joint account with this Corporation, and either may deposit or withdraw money. This is a most convenient arrangement for husband and wife (especially if the former has sometimes to be away from home), mother and daughter, two or more Executors or Trustees, or any persons who may be associated in an investment or business of any kind. In the event of the death of either person, the amount on deposit becomes the property of the survivor.

Interest at Three and One-Half Per. Cent.

Per annum will be added to the account and compounded FOUR TIMES A YEAR.

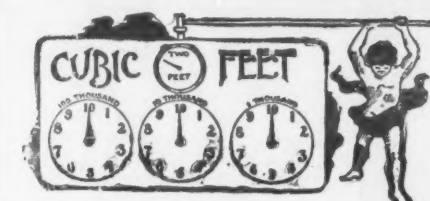
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151 St. James St., MONTREAL



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Gas Bills
Down.....

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"Chicago Jewel" Gas Range

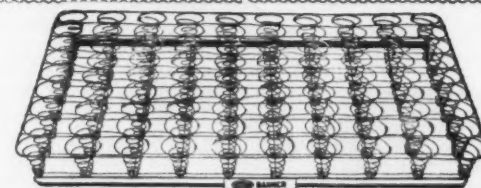
It is practically unbreakable, being made throughout of heavy steel, and fitted with removal burners of most improved and economical type.

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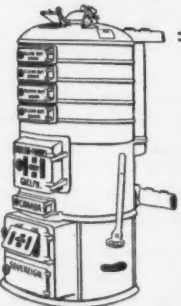
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TRAVELERS AND LOCAL OPTION

By A Commercial Traveler

Who has no concern with the fight between "Wet" and "Dry," but who wants meals he can eat, beds he can sleep in, and decent housing

ON May 1 of every year, the provincial liquor license term is renewed in those municipalities where the sale of intoxicants is still permissible under the law. Each recurring May Day sees the bringing into force of so many local option laws, and altho' the voting into being of these enactments causes universal interest at the new year, the May Day effect seems to be practically lost sight of by the community at large, notwithstanding the fact that in each municipality thus affected the result is the beginning of an acrimony that will last for many years, and in many cases an inconvenience for a large number of people who are unfortunate enough to have business interests that bring them as transient visitors to the village or town in question.

The rights and wishes of those who vote have been the concern of the Government and the earnest consideration of the people; the woes of the so-called, unfortunate hotel keeper have been fully enumerated; but just where the travelling public is at seems to be a question quite submerged by the other parties who clamour their way into first interest.

Is it of any concern to the people of Ontario that fully fifty thousand business men are facing to-day a possibility of great inconvenience and much augmented expense, with no say whatever in the matter, and less value for the good cash they must of necessity spend for accommodation?

Doubtless the reader's first question will be "Where do the fifty thousand come from?" There are fully twenty thousand regular commercial travellers in Canada, most of whom cover Ontario at some time during the year. This army of workers in the commercial cause may be easily doubled by the local travelling machine agents, insurance men, stock and farm produce buyers, horsemen and others who, though not commercial travellers entitled to certificates, are constantly using hotels within short distances of home. Members of theatrical and concert companies, newspaper men, bank inspectors, fruit buyers and railway men, may be mentioned as among the occasional visitors whose interests bring them in touch with the rural hotels, and whose numbers would easily swell the total to the first named estimate.

ALTHOUGH this influential body of men control the commercial interchange of the entire province, they have little or no voice in the matter of their personal comfort while away from home, having to take just what the hotel men offer, and pay the price asked, or on the other hand, see such accommodation as it is, voted out of existence by people who never sleep outside of their own beds three nights in a year, and who, perhaps, have not taken a meal in a hotel in a decade. If the opinions of the travellers were recorded they would surely make many a beer soaked boniface rub his bleary eyes in amazement, and cause some enthusiasts in the temperance movement to pause and think again before voting a poor state of affairs into chaos.

It is not the purpose of the writer to discuss temperance. That should be a separate issue.

If the residents of any community want to go swimming in pale ale or club rye, the travelling public might be amused, but would be by no means personally concerned. If the inhabitants of any town want to banish strong liquor from their midst, it should be of no more concern to the stranger who comes within their gates than the building of a concrete walk or the placing of a new lamp post.

The primary fault lies in the ancient but unnecessary custom which couples the bar with meals and a bed. Just why the housing and feeding of transient guests should be associated with the sale of whisky is a mystery that appeals more strongly to the average commercial man than to any other person. The statement of some hotelmen that the travellers must have liquor is an untruth that scarcely needs refuting. Any wholesaler who employs travellers will unhesitatingly say that the man who wants liquor very badly is the man who cannot get a job on his staff. Drinking whisky and selling goods were divorced many years ago.

This unholy alliance between accommodation and booze has brought the legitimate hotel business into the hands of men who are willing to sell liquor, and even men who are in it will admit that it often is as disreputable a trade as one could well engage in. As a natural result the bar is of first importance to the hotel proprietor, and the accommodation offered is the very least degree of comfort or convenience possible. So long as these totally separate lines of business are legally coupled, the comfort of the travelling public will be sacrificed, either to the acquisitiveness of the booze dispenser, or else to the petty vengeance of the man who has been deprived of his chief source of revenue. If a man thinks he can sell whisky to his neighbors and they desire him to do so, let him engage in that business, but it seems just as reasonable to stipulate that he should carry with him a full line of pitchforks, axe handles, and undershirts, as to say that he must give total strangers who do not want whisky, a bed and three meals.

HOTEL rates have been doubled throughout Ontario during the past two years, not so much as a result of the increased cost of management, but as a retaliatory move on the part of the hotelmen against the advance of local option. The meals are no better and the beds no cleaner, and yet the rates are doubled by men who hold licenses, "just to scare off the temperance cranks." The travelling public recognize the fact that it is a big question, not easy of solution. They are uncomplainingly putting up with extra expense and inconvenience in the hope that better times are to be worked out of the present difficulty, but their patience will not last forever.

It may be safely stated that fully seventy-five per cent. of those who patronize the hotels for meals and lodging would welcome some legislation to put their requirements on a separate basis from the liquor business, over which there is endless strife. This is a matter for the Government and the people as an entire community to earnestly consider. In those places where local option is under consideration, the support of the travelling public might not be hostile, if the voters would make suitable arrangements before they vote out the hotels for the travelling public to be looked after.

In conclusion, just one illustration of "what happened" in a local option town on May 1, 1908. The writer arrived at his customary hotel in the evening to find the lights out, also the furnace, and a few tallow candles to

make the unhappy face of the proprietor visible behind the register. As a special favor we were given accommodation at \$2 per day in a former dollar a day house. The meals were as poor as it was possible to serve, and the only reply to complaint was "Go and tell the temperance cranks your troubles." This from a man who has had the writer's custom for ten years. Need any further excuse be offered for the writing of this article? The interests of the travelling public are worthy of some consideration, and the sooner the voters and the voted realize this the better for all concerned.

Mr. Asquith—A Pile-Driver.

IN discussing the scene in the British House of Commons when the debate commenced on the Licensing Bill, T. P. O'Connor, the veteran journalist says:

Here is a measure which raises some of the most momentous and characteristic of English questions. On the one side, you have that great, big, Nonconformist mass—that sober, Puritan, severe stock—which brings into English life that leaven of serious purpose and of severe self-control which stands out in such contrast to the average sensual man, with his love of drink, good fellowship, horse-racing, and all the other lighter side of life. On the other you had the modern Cavalier, allied to-day as he was centuries ago when Charles the First was King—with the joyous, careless side of life; and determined that no sour-faced Puritan shall interfere with the private habits and even indulgences of the private citizen. Further, there was a tremendous issue of money—money counted by millions of pounds; tens of thousands of business premises; and the House of Commons would have been more than human if such a conflict did not excite tremendous feeling on the one side and the other.

But the House of Commons is characteristically English in its magnificent self-control. Whatever it feels, it never wears its heart upon its sleeve. And you require to know the place very well to realize that underneath the soft voice, the frigid statement of a case, the delivery unrelieved by a single gesture, the combatants are raging with the primordial passions that divide class and creed, and political parties, in England. And, therefore, you must understand that Mr. Asquith, with all his splendid evenness of tone and of manner was stirring his followers to their depths. His speeches always appear to be best described by the term massive. He sometimes reminds me of the late Sir Charles Russell in the law courts—the man who, when he is urging his arguments, does so with a resounding cogency that seems to recall to you the loud, resounding echoes that rush through the air when a mighty steam engine is driving a great pile of wood into the depths of the river-bed, and underneath the spot where the gigantic weight of the locomotive and the long train are ultimately to pass. Mr. Asquith, like Russell, is in speech a pile-driver.

There was no note of compromise in this speech. The ranks were arrayed against each other, and it was, for the moment at least, to be a fight to the death. That square-set, small, but robust figure of Mr. Asquith, with the compressed mouth, the sonorous voice, the clear, open, rather defiant eyes, the perfect command of himself and of all his great resources, is a splendid captain to lead hosts into perilous fights; and clothed as he is now with the prestige and authority of First Minister he radiated an air of self-confidence and defiance that was infectious to all his followers, and roused their fighting spirit. It was an inspiring opening to one of the biggest fights of our times.

An Up-to-date Ameer.

SINCE the brilliant victory at Kandahar when Lord Roberts quelled the rebellious Yakob Khan and his followers, and placed the late Ameer Abdurrahman on the throne of Afghanistan, the British Government has subsidized that country to the extent of something like three millions sterling, without seeking or receiving any material benefit in return. Referring to this subject, M. A. P., of London, says:

We continue to pay the Ameer £120,000 annually; we settle his boundary disputes for him free of charge; we permit him to cultivate our goodwill and thus provide himself with immunity from the Powers who cast covetous eyes on the mountainous land bordered by the Hindu Kush on the one hand and the Suleiman Range on the other; and we guarantee, also, to protect his country against unprovoked aggression.

Born at Samarkand in 1872, the Ameer succeeded to the throne in 1901, and has become thoroughly Anglicized within recent times. He has been trying to learn English for fifteen years, and is still trying, which has one striking effect at the present moment, when a crisis has arisen; namely, in showing the Ameer's personal appreciation of things English. He speaks Persian, Arabic, Turki, and Kashmiri with fluency, but, like the majority of Afghans, he prefers Pushtu, which is a mixture of ancient Persian, Arabic and Hindustani.

The Ameer fishes, shoots, motors, backs horses, and plays a remarkably good game of bridge; or it were better to say that he did all these things during his tour in India a year ago. One night when playing bridge, he drew attention to the fact that his opponent had revoked, and his Highness was understood to remark in Pushtu, or another of his linguistic varieties: "You can't make a grand slam when playing with me, doncher know."

Monarchs as Dancers.

ONE is not surprised to learn that Prince Edward of Wales is one of the most promising of all the dancing pupils at the Royal Naval College, Osborne, for skill in dancing seems to run in his Royal blood. King Edward in his younger days was as graceful and nimble-footed a dancer as you would find, as many of his partners, now stately dowagers, love to recall; and so, with scarcely an exception, are all members of his family. Henry VIII's dancing, from the paven to "conrato high," was the envy and despair of his courtiers, but he was prouder of his performance in the ballet. Queen Elizabeth had no rival in the stately paven unless it was her favorite partner, Sir Christopher Hatton, and Queen Mary's grace and agility in the ballet went more than one poet into rhymed raptures. Charles II., however, seems to have been the king of royal dancers. He never knew when to stop, for when every one of his courtiers was dropping from fatigue he would call for a round of country dances. "Indeed," says Pepys, "he dances rarely."

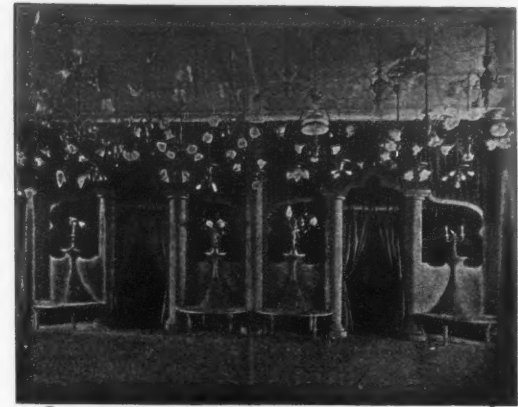
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Royal Navy. Son of Senator William J. Macdonald, of Victoria, B.C. Commander Macdonald was recently decorated by the King of Sweden and the German Emperor.

Courtesy of Dr. Henry J. Morgan, Ottawa.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE President and Directors of the Ontario Jockey Club entertained Their Excellencies, His Honor and Lady Clark, and a very large and smart party of guests invited to meet Earl and Countess Grey at luncheon on Wednesday at half-past one o'clock at the Woodbine. Never has a more perfect day shone on a gayer scene, and the change of the date of the luncheon from the opening day to the fourth day of the Meet proved a very acceptable one to all concerned, especially as many of the guests of the club were also guests at the State dinner on Saturday evening, which would have exhausted them to an undesirable degree. It is a long enough day when the luncheon and the races are over. On Wednesday there was an unusually large party in the special cars which left the Queen's at high noon, some of those going out at that hour being Senator and Mrs. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Campbell, Major and Mrs. Hendrie, Miss Enid Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. Braithwaite, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ritchie, Senator and Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Tom Clark and Miss Mary Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Alexander, Mrs. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Cook, Mr. McLellan and Mr. Ogilvie, of Montreal; Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Grant Morden, Mr. Carroll, of Quebec; Mrs. J. D. Hay, Miss Leggett, of Hamilton; Captain and Mrs. Grant. The Governor-General and Countess Grey, with Lady Evelyn Grey, Mrs. and Miss Hanbury-Williams, Captain Newton and Captain Pickering arrived about half-past one, and were received quite informally, as was the wish of Their Excellencies. Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark and Miss Mortimer Clark, with Major Macdonald in attendance, had arrived shortly before, and the company at once proceeded to luncheon, the President and Directors escorting their distinguished guests to the head table, which was decorated with York and Richmond roses. Lady Grey was presented with a lovely bouquet of lily of the valley, and Lady Clark with a large spray of ox-eye daisies, tied with the club colors. The room was filled to capacity with the luncheon, and everyone was pleased to say that a nicer menu has never been served at the Woodbine. In fact, a very noticeable improvement this year is in both the service of the luncheon and of the refreshments in the tearoom—a fact one is only too glad to chronicle. Another thing the members and their ladies fully appreciate is the opening of the entrance directly into the members' lawn from the street, obviating the necessity of trudging through the hotel yard and past the saddling paddock, always rather a trial to smart women. It is little improvements such as this that show the Secretary of the club has an eye alert for improvements, and a judgment and interest in his work which make him an invaluable official. On Wednesday Lady Grey wore a white gown, with a black and white hat. Lady Clark wore a rich Dresden brocade silk, with a white plumed toque and boa. The extreme heat made the tailored gown a burden, and many of the smartest women were in mousselines and lace gowns. Mrs. Cook wore a white gown, and black hat, with huge white osprey, Miss Leggett a beautiful lace dress; Mrs. Blossom, who came with Dr. and Mrs. Elliott, wore a white peau de soie, with immense white hat and deep blue plumes, a ruff of the plumes also; Mrs. Melvin Jones wore a lovely white dress, with embroideries in pale pink and a smart little hat; Miss Melvin Jones was in a dull blue dress and plumed hat, and both seem now quite recovered from their accident; Mrs. Gibson, of Beamsville, wore emerald green and smart plumed hat; Mrs. Jack Dixon a very pretty white and black dress and hat; Mrs. Oliver wore a light silk and round hat with white lilacs; Mrs. Riddell a blue rajah suit; Mrs. Gilbert was in cinnamon brown, as was Mrs. Fraser Macdonald; Mrs. D. W. Alexander wore a mauve princess dress, with trimmings of pale blue and a large pale blue hat; Mrs. McDowall Thomson made her first appearance at the races—she had been laid up with a sore throat; Mrs. Clinch and Miss Gladys Murton were much admired at the luncheon and on the lawn; Mrs. Pync and Mrs. Arthur Davies were a very smart mother and daughter, both in mauve and white; Mrs. Haas, Mrs. Harris Hees and Mrs. Sands were a smart and dainty trio; Mrs. Sidney Small, in a natty dark tailored suit and deep red hat with large wings, was as pretty as a picture; Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, in a crisp with mousseline with Val lace and white hat, was looking very pretty; an exceedingly pretty girl was Miss Martin—I

hear a Peterboro' belle—in a bisque rajah suit and pale mauve hat set coquettishly on one side; Miss Lois Duggan, who has been sparklingly pretty every day, wore palest blue on Wednesday; Mrs. Fritz Fox was in bisque rajah, with a bisque toque touched with emerald; Mrs. Nordheimer wore a black and white striped gown, and her guest, Mrs. Young, of Kingston, a very smart heliotrope dress; Mrs. James Elmsley was lovely in grey, and Mrs. Van Straubensee wore white and a wide trimmed hat; Mrs. Alexander, of Bon Accord, was very smart in cinnamon, relieved with delicate cream lace, and her pretty daughter wore deep bright blue. There has been a rush on blue this year. Every shade and fabric has been worn by very smart people. The music by the 48th Highlanders' Band was especially good on Wednesday. His Excellency, who had remarked that felt hats and tweeds would be considered sufficient "dress" for the men folk, set the example by coming in a suit of brown and a black Christie, and his wish was hailed with great approbation, especially by the chaps who had just invested in new sailor hats. It was a most happy and successful mid-week reunion, and one can only hope for a continuance of such ideal conditions generally.

The marriage of Miss Mollie McL. Blong and Mr. Alfred Morrow will take place on Wednesday, June 17.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stone are at their summer place, Wedgwood, near Oakville, for the season.

The Islanders are moving over in numbers. The hot weather this week makes the Island's appeal very strong to lovers of fresh, cool air.

A well-pleased and most welcome visitor to the races was Attorney-General Gray, of Jamaica, who left town on Thursday, but hopes to return next week for another visit.

Their Excellencies had a few friends for dinner on Sunday, and on Tuesday and Thursday evenings gave large formal dinners at Llawhaden, to which their hosts of the Ontario Jockey Club were bidden. Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark were at the Tuesday evening dinner.

A number of distinguished visitors are expected at the races next week. The fame of the Ontario Jockey Club meeting has spread far and wide, and at no racetrack on the continent of America are there so many advantages and so few drawbacks as here.

The marriage of Miss Kathleen Murray and Mr. Rousseau Kleiser, which takes place on June 10, is to be an exceedingly quiet affair owing to the delicate health of the mother of the bride-elect. Mrs. Spain is at her mother's just now on a visit.

Mrs. Goldwin Smith has been at Clifton Springs, and was expected home this week.

Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, of Rohallion, returned from the West Coast last Saturday, and were at the races on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Strathy are enjoying a fine holiday abroad. I hear they will visit Italy and France before the summer heat sets in.

Mrs. and Miss Doolittle got home last week, after a long stay in England, where Dr. Doolittle's business still detains him. Mrs. Doolittle was at the races, looking the picture of health and glad to meet her old friends. She wore a trim little gown of soft, deep blue, which was most becoming. Mrs. Doolittle is with her mother, Mrs. Pearson, for a time, while her home in Sherbourne street is being opened and aired.

I am told that the Humane Society benefits to the extent of four hundred dollars, the receipts of the tearoom and flower booth at the Horse Show last month. This is good showing, and those who worked so faithfully should be very well pleased.

Upper Canada College had evidently squared the weatherman, for one of the finest possible days was that upon which the college sports were held. The beautifully green terraces and grounds about the splendid pile were crowded with guests, and on the north side of the running track (a cinder path) a place was reserved for the Vice-regal and gubernatorial parties. Their Excellencies took great interest in the sports and the drill and bayonet exercise of the cadets, which were all excellent. After these were over Mrs. Auden received the distinguished visitors and invited guests in her drawing-room, and a delightful tea was served in the dining-room, the teatable being set with small vases filled with wild violets gathered by the collegians in the adjacent woods, and the mantels banked with brilliant yellow wild flowers, marsh marigolds, someone called them. As usual several pretty maidens were assisting, and the usual guests enjoyed their ministrations. Countess Grey sat for some time in the drawing-room, chatting with Mrs. G. T. Denison and other friends, while His Excellency was here, there and everywhere, seeing everything, and speaking a pleasant word to acquaintances, escorting Lady Clark to her tea, and convincing all of his kindly interest and goodwill. After the Vice-regal party had gone indoors a race was arranged for some of the "old boys," and a number of ex-pupils made a dash for glory, of about a hundred yards. One went lame, and one got purple in the face, and several puffed like grampuses (or is it grampi?) and made a terrible ado over their sudden exertions. Amid the ironical cheers and laughter I did not ask who won. But it was a great day for U.C.C. at all events, and they were full of enthusiasm and satisfaction over it.

Mr. and Mrs. Downes, 245 Wellesley street, left for England on the 16th.

Mrs. James Robertson and Miss Robertson have been at Fond du Lac, Wis., where the latter is taking special treatment from her old family physician. They are leaving this week for Toronto, where they expect Mr. Ford Robertson home for good from Mexico. Mr. and Mrs. Robertson will occupy their Island home, Oasis, at once. The waves have done a good deal of damage to their pretty garden.

The engagement is announced of Daisy Augusta, daughter of Mr. James R. Silliman, of New York, to Mr. Harold Beardsley Conseyea. The marriage will take place on June 6, at the Mott Haven Reformed church, New York.

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NEW YORK LETTER

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

We that are absent feel the tie more tender
That binds our hearts to our Canadian home.
In reminiscent mood to-night we render
The love we feel for her where'er we roam.

THE occasion of this bad verse but irreproachable sentiment was the annual banquet of the Canadian Club of New York, held recently at the Hotel Astor, when five hundred or more Canadians in exile, greybeards and boys, drank the eternal greatness of their native land in beakers of sparkling "sun-ray." This effervescent "spring water" beverage could be varied at the discretion and personal outlay of the diner, but, as Canadians are uniformly discreet, the variations were not marked. Moreover, it went excellently with the Scotch that dominated the toast list.

The dinner began at the truly rural hour of 6.30 and continued till long after midnight—a very creditable showing considering the little artificial stimulus to conviviality. Canada, however, proved a sufficiently exhilarating theme, and never were her praises sung more enthusiastically or unreservedly. Absence, it would seem, has only made the heart grow fonder for the peculiarly ardent and warm-hearted associations on this side have made the absentees more demonstrative in their affections. Canadians are undoubtedly the most democratic people on earth, but they are at the same time—relatively at least—among the most reserved. Under the peculiar competitive conditions existing on this side, however, that reserve has a tendency to peel off soon after landing. In fact this delicate product is recognized at once as a handicap in the race for preferment and its shedding is simply the operation of that law of self-preservation which holds the American universe in its course. When that economic development is completed a few centuries hence, philosophy and manners will no doubt be taken up again, and Boston justified.

Of course nothing as profound as this was ventured at the dinner, though Lieut.-Governor Fraser, I think it was, did admonish us in characteristic accent, not to give all our thought to the accumulation of wealth and to avoid other—and for most of us, less remote—pitfalls of American life. "Don't forget amid your wealth-getting and the Wall street excitement the mither's song at your cradle," he pleaded, "nor the kirk, nor the little log cabin you were born in," closing his exhortation with a word picture of his native province, which proved, if that were necessary, that Acadia may still breed poets as well as moralists.

Mr. Bryce was the intellectual giant of the feast, of course, just as he is the giant of Washington diplomatic life and Dr. McGee Waters, a Brooklyn clergyman, paid him a just tribute when he said that American economic students for a generation back had actually gone to school to him. Mr. Bryce's assertion that Canada would always be an integral part of the British Empire, following as it did the independence prophecies of Mr. Loughley, was received with tremendous enthusiasm.

These annual banquets of the Canadian Club of New York have become an important institution, the speakers invited being naturally looked upon as more or less representative of Canadian public life and Canadian learning. They are consequently an agreeable opportunity to make the most favorable impression possible of Canadian standards in these respects. Men like Dr. Goldwin Smith and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, for instance, who are qualified in scholarship and statesmanship to rub shoulders with the world's best, ought therefore, if it is within human power, to be added to the club's next toast list. Surely the best is none too good where the reputation of Canada is concerned. Our provincialism we might keep to ourselves.

THE "spurious picture" scandal which has been agitating art circles for some time, and which culminated a week ago in the arrest of a well known picture dealer of this city, has had to give place temporarily to the more salacious scandal connected with the name of the senior senator from New York State. The senile philanderings of this ancient statesman were brought to public notice through a suit for divorce, the ostensible purpose of which was to establish the fact of marriage between the senator and the plaintiff. The real object was blackmail. The incident of the trial was the appearance of the frail senator in court as a witness in his own behalf. This his counsel, up to the last moment, tried hard to avoid, and in the interests of American public life it is rather unfortunate that their efforts were unsuccessful. For the spectacle of moral and physical decrepitude which Senator Platt presented in the witness chair was not edifying, to say the least. The adventurous plaintiff not only had her suit brusquely dismissed but found herself committed for trial on charges of perjury and forgery. The senator's conduct, however, is not by any means above suspicion and demands are already being made for his removal from the Senate. Were he a brilliant or even useful member of that body, as The Times commenting editorially observes, we could afford to condone a few vagaries, but his record "entitles him to no such extenuating and complacent leniency of judgment."

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IN rugged contrast to this is the spectacle of moral and physical heroism shown by Mr. William H. Marsh, the hydrophobia victim, whom Canadians will be pleased to remember was a product of their soil, although for the last twenty-five years a resident of this city. The other day Mr. Marsh went to the Pasteur Institute to be treated, his doctors fearing that he had contracted hydrophobia from a little pet dog that had recently died of the disease. Instead of a treatment the patient had thrust into his hand a death warrant and the certain assurance that he must meet death within a few days. The calm fortitude with which he received the sentence has thrilled the entire community. Asking simply how long he might expect to live he at once drove home again to set his affairs in order. Death came as predicted, though its worst horrors were happily averted by a generous use of opiates. The case is peculiarly sad and tragic, but through it all shines an example of heroism equal to the best traditions of what we are pleased to call the heroic age.

NOTHING new that is authentic has been added to the "picture scandal," though rumor has considerably broadened its original proportions, until it would appear that for some time past a regular trade in spurious pictures has been going on in this city. Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke has contributed to the moral comfort of the community at this stage, however—though incidentally reflecting on its acuteness—by reminding us that this sort of thing has prevailed in other countries, notably Italy and France, for all time and that one of the chief duties of a curator is to be on the lookout for bogus pictures.

Among the artists on this side whose work is said to have been most successfully imitated and put on the market as genuine are Homer Martin, George Inness and Wyant. It is even hinted that the temerity of the imitators has gone so far as to include living painters in their operations, but the reputation of the painters named does not give much credibility to this part of the story. When the case comes to trial it will probably rival in interest in the art world the famous Whistler vs. Ruskin suit, wherein the gifted but eccentric painter sought to recover damages from the famous, but as it proved undiscerning, critic who couldn't distinguish between one of the painter's nocturnes and a pot of paint flung in the face of the public.

J. E. W.

New York, May 25, 1908.

Memory's Ghost.

STRANGE apparition of a vagrant hour,
Thou comest as a mist from o'er the sea—
Dim fashioned—gliding silently,
To burst the bud of memory into flower.
Some passing soul has given thee for dower
A cunning hand with which to touch the heart—
Thrilling afresh the life-blood with thy power
Till wounds, forgotten, with new anguish smart.
Thou hast no reason—neither night nor day
Can speak thine absence, truly, from our side;
At any step along our fleeting way
The mocking shadows of thy presence glide.
Face unto face, we mutely stand and gaze,
Knowing thee well—thou ghost of bygone days.
—Metropolitan Magazine.



Maud (counting Ethel's fruit stones). "So I see you're going to marry a poor man, Ethel."
Ethel. "I'm not. 'Cos I've got an apothecary in my mouth!"—Punch.

Some Human-Nature Sketches

Little Incidents Which Brush Aside for a Moment the Artificiality of City Life.

THREADBARE clothing, one arm in a sling—that was the first general impression of the man in the corner seat of the car. Good looking, well dressed and very much in love—that was the general impression of the young couple who sat opposite.

The young man left the car presently. The girl looked wistfully after him, but even though she missed him she was very happy. Hers was the happiness that manifested itself in little attention to others. She nodded at a baby further down in the car, she smiled at a woman who stumbled when walking down the aisle.

The man with the disabled arm tried to turn a page of his evening paper. It was hard work with only one hand. The leaves got crumpled and out of place. The girl saw his difficulty.

"Let me help you," she said. She took the paper, straightened out the pages, gave them a little pat, and handed them back. The man smiled, but he did not do much reading after that. Apparently he had lost interest in the day's news.

Then the girl left the car. When she had gone the man tried to turn the pages of his paper again. That time another man volunteered assistance.

"What page would you like me to turn to?" he asked. "Perhaps you were interested in some particular article?"

"I was," said the cripple. "I am dying to get to the end of a baseball story that was begun on the first page, but the young lady turned to the fashion department. I see that contains two illustrations of wedding gowns. I'm not very much interested in that kind of stuff myself, but bless her dear, sweet soul, I couldn't hurt her feelings by telling her so."

Cash is not the only shape in which gifts come to the barber. Here was one in the form of a spray of apple blossoms brought in by a customer who has a country place somewhere. The barber had put it in a glass of water and set it in a central place by itself among the bottles and things on the shelf in front of his chair—a spray of apple blossoms, with all the apple blossom's delicate beauty.

It is no reproach to the barber to say that at first he didn't know what they were, for he was born and brought up in the city, and for that matter there were plenty of customers in the shop in the course of the day who didn't know what they were any more than he did; as, for instance, one customer coming in along in the afternoon who, his eye falling on the blossoms as he took his seat in the chair, asked of the barber:

"What you got there?"
"Apple blossoms," says the barber.
"Is that so?" says the customer, as he surveys them with new interest.

"Yes," says the barber, "that's what a customer of mine who knows tells me, and there are two or three barbers here in the shop that know and that's what they say too."

And this customer looked them over again with keener interest still, his recollection bringing gradually other apple blossoms back to him with which to compare these, and these were apple blossoms, sure enough, some of them not yet opened. Still, of the unfolded blossoms, beautiful pink, and some opened with their petals of the apple blossom's delicately tinted pinkish white. And then he smelled of the blossoms, and they had the apple blossom's delicate woody fragrance.

Yes, sir; they were apple blossoms.

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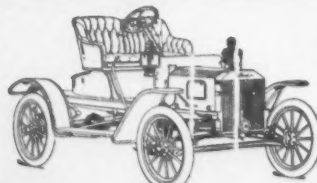
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SPORTING COMMENT

THERE are disquieting rumors afloat that an attempt is to be made to exploit the fish of Lake Temagami as a commercial proposition. The constant and palpable decrease in the supply of food fishes in the Great Lakes is causing the fish barons of the United States to go farther afield in their quest of a fresh source of supply, and now is the appointed time to place a limit to their devastations once and for all. The fact that the Great Lakes are being fished out without regard to past lessons or consideration of the future should induce the authorities to place an absolute prohibition on commercial fishing outside the waters already in process of depletion. The demand for fresh water fishes in the United States is becoming greater every year. The people of the Republic having experienced the pleasures of prosperity are willing to pay a little extra for what they want, and the business of catering to this demand has become one of large profits. The average Canadian has a rooted objection to paying through the nose for what should be his own property, so we must enjoy as best we may the spectacle of car after car of silver beauties rolling past our doors toward the profitable markets to the south of us. In at least one Georgian Bay port the only way a man may acquire a salmon trout is to go out and catch one himself, for the company having its headquarters there has issued orders to its staff prohibiting the local sale of even one fish from the catch. To the unprejudiced observer this situation seems to hold about all the irony there is room for, and it should be made impossible for like conditions to obtain in any of the newer districts.

At present the situation in the Temagami Reserve is without complications. The forest is unbroken and the lumberman barred out. The region bids fair to become an international playground, and if the people must have revenue sportsmen's licenses would in time bring in a fair sum. A fisherman's permit would cost, say \$5.00, and under its provisions the angler would be entitled to anything he could catch, subject to the restrictions of the fish and game laws. The back of the document would bear a summary of the principal restrictions and the man taking out the license would be required to affix his signature, as an indication that he understood and subscribed to the conditions under which the license was issued. Thus two ends would be served: the department would be reimbursed to a certain extent for its upkeep, and the old and battered plea of ignorance would cease to be offered in cases of infraction of the laws. We will have to come to it in time. Alien sportsmen have to pay heavily for the privilege of hunting deer, so a license for fishing is not illogical. This plan is in force in New Zealand, and there are no complaints. The license fee goes toward the support of the State hatcheries, and the available supply of fish shows no diminution.

The Temagami is one of Canada's beauty spots, and it would be an inconceivable mistake to allow the unthinking greed of a few to interfere with the clean and honest sport of the many. As it is, the angler has to go pretty far afield to find nature undefiled, and is beginning to

resent being pursued by the commercial fisher and his unsavory tug. The time has come to call a halt. If nothing can prevent these people from continuing their wasteful methods, let them work their little game out to its logical conclusion within its present limits, and then they can prey on their own resources, if they have any left.

NO revival in athletics around this town last summer—no, not any. Just a fevered curiosity to see the Onondaga Indian, Tom Longboat perform, that's all. If you don't believe it dope out the attendance figures and note the difference when comparing the meets at which the Redskin either competed or was billed to compete with those that had some other billed as the star attraction. Same thing all winter, same last Saturday and Monday at the Olympic tryouts. The public didn't seem to care anything about seeing such good men as Kerr, Tait, Archibald, Coley, Goldsboro, Lawson or any of the other good men prominent in athletics around Ontario, doing their best in hopes of making the team for England. Longboat's name has to be on the programme or the gate suffers.

AND those tryouts were well worth journeying to Rosedale to see. Canada's chances at the Olympiad look brighter than ever now that the boys have had a chance to show what they can do with the help of a little warm weather. Saturday was the first really good day that the short-distance men and field performers have had and maybe they didn't loosen up some in the warm sunshine.

To begin with, Bobby Kerr's 100 metres run in 11 seconds on the grass is within 1-5 of a second of the Olympic record made at Paris in 1900 and at that two of the timers caught him in 10.4-5. That the men were not handed anything by the watch-holders was again shown on Monday when Jack Tait went the 1500 metres in 4.07 4-5 according to some watches, but was given 4.08 because they didn't all get it that way.

Kerr had it all his own way in the 200 metres, winning pulled up, in 21 4-5. This was also 1-5 of a second behind the Olympic record, but that would have been easy if he had been extended. Kerr should take Lukeman's measure at the finals in Montreal, and Sebert, White and Worthington have warm chances also.

Irving Parkes, of the West End Y.M.C.A., is almost a certainty for the team. His win of the 800 metres in 1.57 4-5, stamps him as a real classy runner and he should be up well at the finish in England.

Lou Sebert captured the 400 metre run, but his time, 51 seconds, is 1-4-5 seconds below the record. Kerr will likely be entered at this distance in England and should do somewhat better than the other Canuck lads.

George Barber, of the Centrals, was the best in both standing jumps and in the 110 metre hurdles. Although his performances were not record breaking they were creditable in view of the fact that Barber can not get away from his business to train properly. He is a sure enough utility man, as he can either run or jump and should do far better with a week's training during the hours

of sunshine. Evening workouts help some but a man needs some of Old Sol's rays to get the kinks out of his muscles. Barber also won the running high jump and was third in the running broad jump and in the hop-step-and-jump, making 4 firsts and 2 thirds in the two days.

Calvin Bricker, W. E., won the running broad jump with a "lepp" of 22 feet 8-3-4 inches. The Olympic record is 24 feet 1 inch, but Bricker can do better, as Saturday was the first day this spring suitable for outdoor sports and he is hardly up to his best form yet.

In the 1500 metres run, Jack Tait looks like a coming world beater, although he had no walkover Monday. "Chuck" Skene chasing him down the stretch in good style. Skene has wisely decided to let Goulding do all the walking that's to be done and expects to show Tait the way home in the 1500 final. But he'll have to lower the figures to do it as Tait's time was within 2 1-5 seconds of the best previous time.

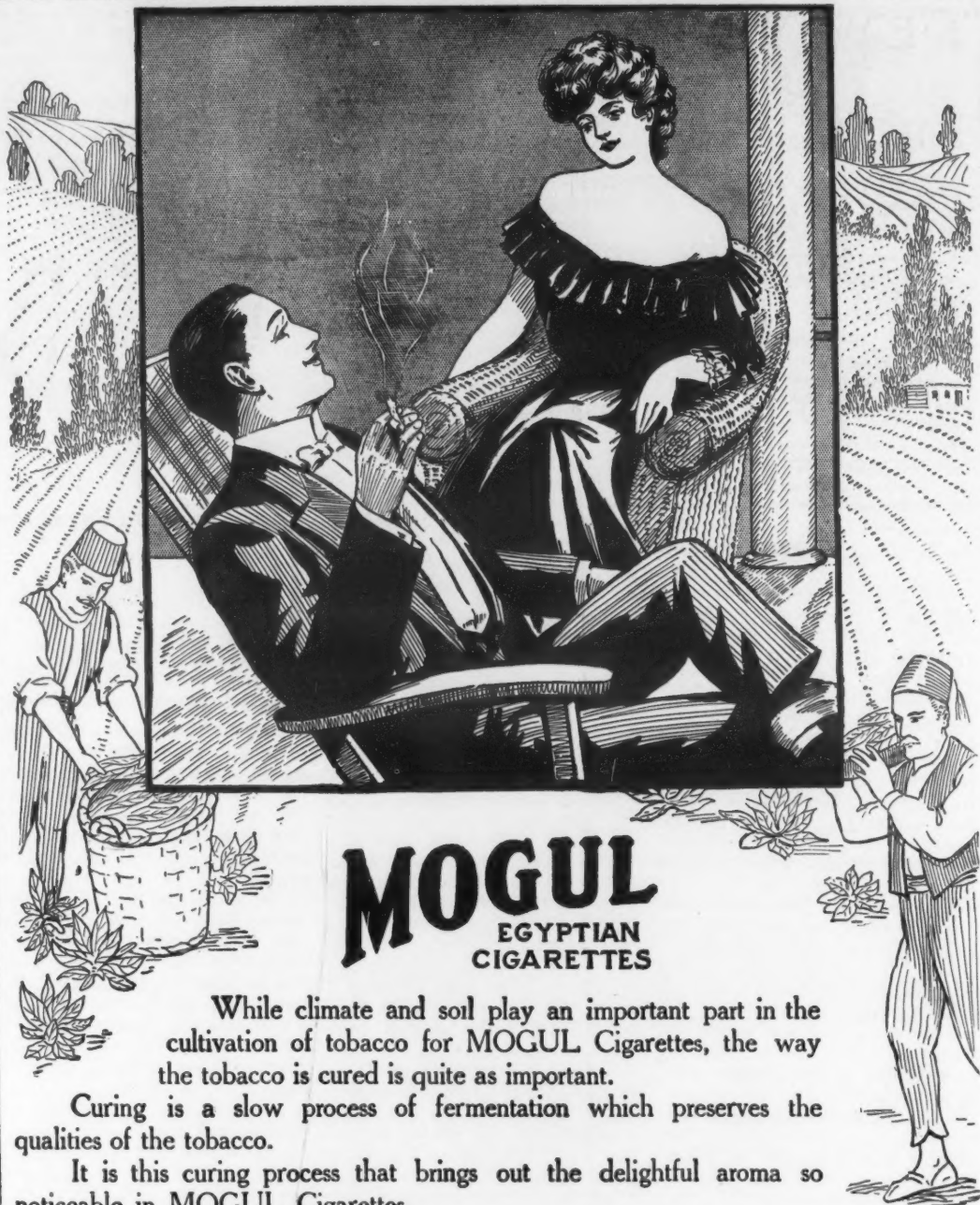
Geo. Goulding won both the 3500 metres and 16 kilometres, the former distance about 2 1-4 miles and the latter 10 miles. Goulding won easily at both distances, defeating Skene and Macdonald at the shorter distance on Saturday and Macdonald and Major at the ten miles Monday. He had two and a half laps' lead on Macdonald and over three on Major, so that although he broke the Canadian record for three miles, he didn't have the competition necessary to push him along for world's records.

Ed. Archibald has a rosy chance for the pole vault honors, as his performance Saturday was four and a quarter inches better than the former Olympic record, and he had practically no competition. Unless Hapenny and Lukeman, of Montreal, can put it over Archibald and Kerr respectively, the Federation stands a very poor show of being represented on the track team.

Con Walsh threw the hammer 155 feet 9 1/2 inches, Bowie put the shot 39 feet 7 inches, and Alex. Sinclair threw the discus 105 feet 7 inches. The first two are fairly good, but will have to be improved upon, but the latter is hardly up to the mark.

Fred. Meadows won the five mile run, with Bredin Galbraith second. Galbraith looked to have the race well in hand up to the third mile, when he lost a shoe. He pluckily kept on running, but the track blistered his bare foot and he finished the last couple of laps on the grass on the outside of the track. Percy Sellen was third, after cramping up and stopping on the third mile.

The fifteen mile run, the Marathon tryout, furnished the surprise of the trials, as Tom Coley, who defeated Harry Lawson in The Herald Race, was a warm favorite, and he appeared to be in the pink of condition. However, he cramped up on the road and finished in a carriage, along with his much-touted club-mate, Don McQuaig. Lawson proved to be the best fifteen miler, with Bert Goldsboro second and Ed. Cotter, of Burlington, third. Lawson finished fresh, but Goldsboro collapsed a few yards from the finish. He was lifted to his feet and staggered over the line, to fall again. It was a remarkable exhibition of pluck, but as any position in the first ten would have qualified him for the final he should have saved himself.



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The next seven, who also go into the finals, were: Fred. Simpson, the Peterboro' Indian; W. H. Wood, Brantford; Alf. Sellers, W. E.; Percy Sellen, I.C.A.C.; George Adams, I. C. A. C.; John Near, Centrals; and the veteran, Jack Caffrey, of Hamilton, who finished fresh and should be right up with the leaders in the 25 mile run. The other ten miles in the final tryout will, no doubt, bring some surprises, as some of the men behind the first three looked able to go over the course again.

Canada has athletes that compare favorably with the world's best, but that much talked of revival wasn't real. Without Longboat in the game the public won't attend. The races and baseball games were blamed for the slim attendance at Rosedale, but look back over the indoor season and it's plain to be seen that the drawing card was the Indian.



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The photograph shows the runners finishing the first lap. The veteran Jack McCaffrey is leading, followed by Harry Lawson (67), the winner; Tom Coley (62), George A. Lister (6), and Don McQuaig (63).

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THE SECOND CLAIM

By BILLEE GLYNN

FORTY-MILE CITY, the Yukon, in July of 1896! That is the place and time of our story. A number of blue-shirted miners were gathered in the company's store.

"Yes," reiterated Bill Hudson, with a leer in the surprised faces about him, "Geordie Carmack has turned good an' bought a church for Forty-mile, an' as the new minister's duly installed, you fellows had better get a sight on your morals."

"But how did it come about?" chimed a dozen voices.

"And how did a parson ever reach this forsaken country?" asked one, who had just returned from prospecting.

Hudson paused to answer the latter first. "It's easy seein' you come from the country, Jack. He's a young feller that's drifted in with the last crowd from Juneau. I don't know whether he came on purpose or whether he came to mine, but when he saw the place with the saloons running full blast, fell into the notion of preaching some good into it; but anyway he took hold of the idea and began lookin' for a place to speak in. Well, there was only that big shack of Jim Birchard's—that was the Company's first store—an' Jim wanted five hundred for it, an' the parson didn't have the dust. It was pretty mean in Jim, too, seein' he was off for Circle City, an' would have no further use for it, but he at length made it up with the parson to let him have one meetin' in it to raise the necessary wad. That's how we all come to be invited down there last night."

"But how did Geordie Carmack come to buy it for him?" vociferated a dozen miners, crowding about the narrator.

"Well, Geordie an' I was comin' by there about nine o'clock last night an' the minister was standin' at the door, lookin' pretty glum. We knew what was wrong with him all right. The meetin' had been set for eight o'clock, an' no one had turned up. It was really too bad, becuz he has a nice, kind look about him, an' so young that one could almost imagine a mother down in Canada somewhere prayin' for him. I was a little touched myself, an' Geordie has the heart of a woman, anyway."

"This is too bad, Bill," he says; "let's go in."

"So in we went. And the only person we found inside was Jim Birchard, waiting for his five hundred. Well, the minister shook hands, introduced himself as McDonald, an' told us he was very glad to see us. Then he read, sang and prayed a little—Geordie an' I joining in the singin' as best we could—then ended up by telling us that he was sorry he could not invite us to another meetin', as he could not expect Mr. Birchard to let him use the place for nothin' when he would not, as he had hoped, be able to buy it. Well, I could see Geordie meltin' all along—an' in fact I was thawed considerably myself; but anyway, when the young feller came over this about havin' to give the thing up, Geordie turned plump around on Birchard, with a glint of fire in his eyes, an' asked him his price."

"Five hundred," said Birchard.

"Well, come down to my shack an' get it," said Geordie.

"But you're not going to do this alone, Mr. Carmack," exclaimed the minister.

"I guess I'll have to make up for the ones that didn't come," said Geordie, grinning. Then he went out, Birchard an' I after him, leaving the minister kind of done up, like a fellow that's run his pick against a nugget.

"I went down with Geordie to his shack, where he weighed out the dust for Birchard, and then ordered him out, telling him what he thought of him for selling to a minister what he didn't pay for himself. The Company gave it to Jim, you know. So the summing-up of the whole thing is that Geordie Carmack has bought a church for Forty-mile, that there's a minister to go into it, an' you're all invited to attend."

The blue-shirted men clustering about Bill Hudson fell back and surveyed each other questioningly, then proceeded to thresh out the sensation among themselves. For sensation it was, and one of the most flagrant characters. That old Geordie Carmack—who had figured in "gold rushes" and mining camps since his teens, who had seen the boom days of California, and even South Africa, who as far as morality went was no better than his varied experiences—should have bought a place of worship for Forty-mile was a puzzle that demanded explanation. By that evening all Forty-mile were shaking their heads over it, and wondering if Geordie had got "converted," and how the "preachin'" would take.

Down in his own shack, George Carmack was finding his action in the matter—now that it was over—somewhat of a puzzle to himself. He, of all men, establishing a place of worship, and in a mining camp especially, where no one ever thought of such things! The money was nothing, but it was absurd on the face of it. Well, the boys would have something to banter him about for the next month or two, till work set in, and he was too old an head to mind them.

Beneath this, however, was still the sympathy for the young man, which had caused his action—a sympathy that sprang from kindness, and partly from a feeling that this young minister represented in some way all he, himself, should have been.

The next day being Sunday, the miners all flocked to worship. They were not very anxious to hear the service, perhaps, but decidedly so to see "Geordie" and his "new pard," as they called the young minister, "working in harness." They were disappointed in this, however, for George Carmack was not there. Perhaps he had feared the minister's compliments, perhaps he thought he had done enough. But the sermon was forceful and eloquent, inspiring, no little respect among the miners for the speaker, and many of them turned homeward in a thoughtful mood. The young minister watching Foley's saloon, from across the road, that night, saw with a glad heart that it did not do its usual roaring trade.

It was the following Monday night—in regard to time only, for the Yukon summer is one long day—that George Carmack met the crowd in the Company's store. He was hailed on all sides with good-natured chaff and met it in the same spirit. They had not expected to "rile" Old Geordie, of course, who had seen more life than any of them, and did not; but there was one who was particularly persistent in his gibes, which were of an ill-flavored character. He was a fellow by the name of Snogley, who tended bar at Foley's saloon.

"You should've been down yesterday to hear that sermon of his on castin' your bread on the water an' gettin' it back agen," he said. "You might've got onto a plan to get that there five hundred of yours back agen, doubled up a few times. Do you think it's likely?"

"Who knows?" remarked George Carmack, quietly, meeting the other's eyes with a glance that caused them to fall.

It was not the last time he answered that question in the same manner to Snogley. When the meetings at the log church, which were held three times a week, dwindled down to an attendance of five or six, Carmack, out of his growing respect for the young minister, became one of these; and Snogley's gibes in regard to returns from bread cast upon the waters became more cutting. But Carmack always met them with that quiet question, "Who knows?"

About the last of August, however, he left Forty-mile on a prospecting tour, and was absent so long that it was thought he had drifted to the boom in Circle City.

In early October the Yukon river commences to close up. Blocks of ice loosened from the bottom by the long summer's thaw, come floating down from the tributaries, increasing in number and size, till the whole river is a moving, grinding mass of floating ice, which it is impossible to cross either on foot or by boat.

During the first days of October a man was seen on the eastern side of the Yukon, opposite Forty-mile, making signs that he wished to cross. With the condition of the river, however, this was not to be considered, and the miners gathered on the bank at Forty-mile were unanimous in the opinion that he would have to stay where he was for a couple of days till the clogged mass of loose ice froze into solidity. But the man seemed determined to gain the Forty-mile side without delay, so determined that the watchers fancied he must be without food. He ventured out on the ice cakes from the shore several times, and pausing where the water evidently formed a gulf, would return. One time, however, he did not pause, but leaped the gulf, and the watchers held their breath, for they knew the man was taking his chances of life or death, and was going to cross or die. It was at least three hundred yards. On and on he came, leaping from cake to cake, now trembling on a small berg, now fairly falling on a large one, as he saved himself from the submersion which

meant death should the swift undercurrent of the river catch him. On and on he came, till half way across, and the watchers could make out his form. Then as a dozen voices exclaimed, "Geordie Carmack!" the man, making a long leap reeled suddenly, clung desperately for an instant, and then disappeared in the river depths. With paling faces and straining eyes those on the bank watched for him to reappear. He did so, a few rods farther down, when they had given him up for lost, endeavoring to drag himself on top of a berg, then finding it impossible, clinging frantically to the edge, his head a black knob on the white surface of ice, his one hand sometimes waved in an agony of appeal. That was all. The man was helpless and must perish.

At this moment young McDonald, the minister, came running into the crowd.

"Can no one save him?" he cried.

A murmur of dissent arose.

"Then I will," he said, and he made towards the river's edge. A dozen hands were put out to deter him, but he shook them off.

"I know my duty," he averred, quietly.

At the brink he paused, his eyes raised to Heaven. The crowd knew he was praying, and in accord a silent prayer went up to God from every heart—rough, unpraying hearts as most of them were. Then he swung gallantly out on the ice. Out he went, out and out—tall, slender, agile—swaying, tottering, recovering his balance—now in quick little runs, now with the long sure leap of the greyhound—till gaining speed and dexterity, his weight seemed scarcely to touch the ice. Twenty yards from the expectant head he fell on his knees. The crowd on shore held its breath. They had begun to love him, now that they might lose him. But he was up again, and the next minute had reached Carmack and was pulling him on the ice. When they stood up together a great cheer greeted them from the shore. But the return journey was yet to be made. There was a moment's rest, then the watchers saw the minister start out, moving ahead of the older man to show him the way. On and on they came, slowly and carefully. Twice Carmack fell and would have gone down but for the quickness of his companion, who never went more than one leap ahead of him. Fifty yards now. The crowd prayed silently. Now twenty—ten. The minister leaped on shore. A great cheer went up, and Carmack fell fainting in outstretched arms.

When he opened his eyes it was in the Company's store. The young minister was bending over him. The men were gathered about, Snogley standing nearest at his feet. Carmack's eyes drifted with growing expression from the minister's face to that of the bartender. Then, with returning consciousness, a sudden impulse seemed to seize him. He rose to a sitting position, then to his feet, and with his hand on his rescuer's shoulder he looked Snogley in the face.

"What have you got to say now?" he asked slowly, and with meaning.

The bartender slunk away, while the two men wrung hands in an awed silence.

"And that isn't all, boys," continued Carmack. "You must have thought I was pretty anxious to get across the river. Well, I was. I was starved for one thing, and for another I have here a nugget to register two claims—one for Discovery, you know—in the biggest find in this country. You're all in it, too. It's down on the Klondike. So go and drive your stakes. I am off to the Mounted Police at the Fort to register my claim, and also"—he paused, "and take my friend here, Alexander McDonald, to whom I am giving the other."

So started the Klondike boom, and so did a young man achieve wealth by a brave deed. But Alexander McDonald ever found the greatest joy of that wealth in works of charity.—From Westward Ho! Magazine, Vancouver.

THE discovery of three large beds of platinum on the Athabasca river, within a short distance of Fort Vermilion, is reported by C. E. Norrden, a Swedish prospector, who recently returned from eleven months spent in the North. Mr. Norrden has sent a sample of his discovery to the Geological Survey Department of the Dominion Government for the purpose of having it tested.

Mr. Norrden, who jokingly says that he is "a blacksmith by trade and a geologist by nature," has made an extensive study of the lands in the North, particularly on the eastern slope of the Rockies, as far north as Fort St. John. He states that the soil on the eastern slope abounds in minerals of all classes and value. Gold, silver, graphite, slate are some of those most prominent.

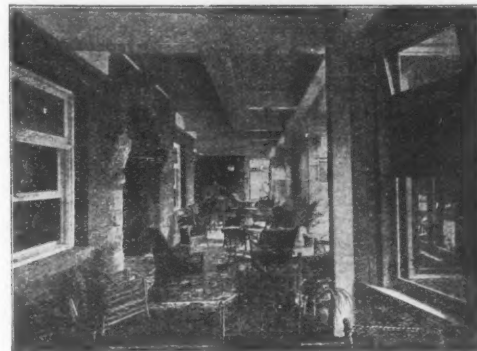
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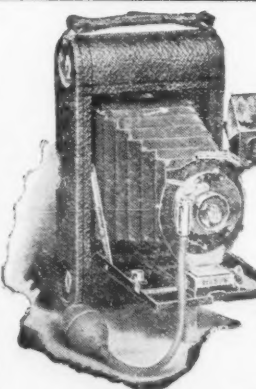
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Mr. Norrden does not disclose the location of his beds of platinum, but states positively that there are large deposits of the valuable mineral on the Athabasca. He discovered his "strike" in three beds of gravel, in the river, while on his way to Vermilion.

The Munich Jugend has discovered five new signs by which to detect the school to which a painter belongs: (1) If he paints the sky gray and the grass black, he belongs to the good old classical school; (2)

if he paints the sky blue and the grass green, he is a realist; (3) if he paints the sky green and the grass blue, he is an impressionist; (4) if he paints the sky yellow and the grass purple, he is a colorist; (5) if he paints the sky black and the grass red, he shows possession of great decorative talent.—Christian Register.

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JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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!-? POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE -?!

A Life Devoted to the Public Service.

THE career of James Bain, D.C.L., whose death last week is sincerely mourned by many, is another illustration of how much unselfish devotion to the public service an unobtrusive man of strong character can render. Without any show of false humility, Dr. Bain never thrust himself forward. He was in close touch with the press, yet he never used the intimacy for his own advancement. He unconsciously effaced himself at all points for the benefit of the Public Library. No public servant was truer to his trust, and now the success of the institution is his monument.

Of course he possessed exceptional qualities for the work. He was brought up and educated in Toronto, so was a Canadian through and through. His father, a bookseller of note in the old days, trained him in practical knowledge of books. Then he went to London, and for some years gained experience in publishing as a member of the firm of Nimmo & Bain. Then returning to Canada in 1883 he became available for a new and important post. The Public Library was established and he was appointed its first librarian. Other names had been suggested, including that of Mr. Dent, the journalist and historian. Happily the choice fell upon Mr. Bain. The collection of books which he had to start with consisted of about 20,000 volumes in the old Mechanics' Institute. It was not remarkable for merit, and on the whole was an indifferent nucleus. There was no general desire to spend much money on the new library, and its volumes would necessarily have to include a good deal of fiction.

How Mr. Bain gained the confidence of his Board, how he surmounted the initial obstacles of building up a valuable collection that would be a real factor in the education of the community is the proof of the man's quality. When periodical criticisms broke out about the wisdom of spending public money to encourage the novel-reading habit amongst young men and women, Mr. Bain was imperturbably good-humored. By careful expenditure of the sum allotted him for purchases he was able year by year to get together the foundation of a reference library. This was one of the chief objects he had in view, because he knew that the circulation of fiction would not in itself endear a library to the public, while the existence of a notable collection for reference purposes would render its position impregnable. By patient labor and by invoking the assistance of all who could help, he accomplished this. The new Reference Library on College street will soon prove to the citizens of Toronto what a rich possession is theirs.

As has been pointed out by others, the collection of Canadian books and manuscripts is of immense value. From all over the continent inquirers and workers have come to consult it. One of its earliest acquisitions was the D. W. Smith papers, a series of documents belonging to the first Surveyor-General of Upper Canada. When news reached Canada that this interesting collection was for sale in London, it was at once resolved by the Provincial Government to purchase it. The Premier, Mr. Mowat, being then in London, was asked to go and secure it. He hastened to do so, but was greeted with: "Already sold, sir." Mr. Bain of the Toronto Library ordered by cable. Mr. Bain's zeal found encouragement in all such matters from numerous friends like the late Dr. Scadding, the late John Hallam, John Ross Robertson and others. It may seem sad that he was not spared to take pos-



THE LATE JAMES BAIN, JR.

session of the new building and personally superintend the setting up, in comfortable modern quarters, of that Reference Library which owes its creation to his foresight and energy. But, at any rate, his task in calling it into existence is accomplished, and his name will be inseparably associated with its future usefulness. Dr. Bain will also be long remembered by a host of friends. In social life he was one of the most interesting and kindly of men. Perfectly unpretentious, full of the old-fashioned courtesy and humor which becomes rarer every day, an evening spent in his company was a great enjoyment. Of his ability, accuracy, and high principle it is needless to speak. His is one of those cases—not so very numerous—where eulogies of the dead are deserved and sincere. The Library Board that appreciated his work and made success possible, worthily shares in the tributes that are being paid to the librarian.

A Philanthropic Physician.

DR. T. S. SMELLIE, recently member and now Conservative candidate for the riding of Fort William in the Ontario Legislature, is one of the best known men in the northwestern portion of New Ontario. He has been a practising physician in and around Fort William ever since the Canadian Pacific Railway was built through that district, and he has seen the twin cities grow from their backwoods beginnings to their present metropolitan proportions.

"Dr. Smellie," said a Fort William man to the writer recently, "is one of the finest types of the old school doctor that I have ever known. I am opposed to him politically, but personally I have the warmest admiration for him. He has scrupulously kept the oath, which every physician takes, to treat the poor without fee, and he has erred on the side of generosity. I know for a fact that Dr. Smellie has on his books many thousands of dollars which he is legally entitled to collect, but which will never be paid. If Dr. Smellie had chosen to exact his just dues from his patients, and had taken advantage of his countless opportunities for profitable investments, he could today have been a millionaire instead of a plain family doctor. Measured by present-day human standards, Dr. Smellie may not be looked upon as a shining example of success, but I think when the Great Accounting takes place, he will be ranked much higher than many famous men who have won great wealth and distributed it ostentatiously."

Dr. Smellie in the House.

A MEMBER of the Legislature who was present during the conversation detailed above, added: "I remember Dr. Smellie once telling me of the marvellous development of Fort William and Port Arthur since he first located there. I remarked that I supposed he had been wise enough to get in on some of the many good things that were going in real estate and other investments. In his slow, deliberate way he answered: 'Well, no. You see, just at that time I had a good many sick people on my hands, many of them very poor, and I just attended to business and let the other fellows take the good things.'"

Dr. Smellie is quiet and reserved in manner, and slow of speech and gesture, but his quietness is that of a strong nature. He says little in the House, save when matters affecting his constituency are up for discussion. Then he proves himself an aggressive fighter, and when occasion requires he can express himself very bluntly and forcibly. It was he who, when the House was wearied by one of Allen Studholme's purposeless speeches, asked the Speaker if the House was compelled to listen to "this blatherskite" all night.

An issue which brought out all Dr. Smellie's latent pugnacity was the question of Sunday street cars between Port Arthur and Fort William. Dr. Smellie, in common with a majority of his constituents, believed that the interests of the twin cities demanded a Sunday service, but in this they were opposed by a determined band of clergymen and professional Sunday restrictionists. Dr. Smellie in committee roundly denounced some of the reverend gentlemen for what he termed their meddlesome interference.

It was in connection with the same bill that Dr. Smellie had a tiff with Premier Whitney. The latter took sides against the Sunday car proposals, thereby rousing the Fort William member's ire. Therefore, when he received a peremptory message to come at once to the Premier's office, he sent back the succinct message: "Tell Mr. Whitney to go to h—!" The Premier is not the man to brook such open mutiny from his followers, and the two were "bad friends" for nearly a month. Peace was made, however, in time to have the Premier and the member for Fort William introduce in the House Mr. W. A. Preston, who, after a two years' legal fight, finally established his right to sit as member for Port Arthur.

Story of a Campaign Song.

NEITHER party in the present election is indulging in the luxury of a campaign song. The business of appealing to the electorate through the medium of music and poetry used to be very popular, but in these degenerate days literature appears to be neglected by the politician.

In 1902, however, when the Ross Government went to the country, Mr. Whitney and his forces had a campaign song that could be rendered to various tunes. It came to birth in this wise: On the staff of The Mail and Empire is Mr. Charles Langdon Clarke, whose short stories have considerable vogue in the popular magazines, and who scribbles verses in off-minutes, not for publication but for his own amusement. With no serious intent he one night dashed off a lyric in which the hordes of the Ross administration were painted in the blackest tones. It had a refrain which ran:

"For a new dawn is breaking,
And Whitney will win."

The other men in the office joked him a good deal about the song, and finally one of the editors, more as a joke on Mr. Clarke than for any other reason, put it in the paper. A few days later Mr. Whitney and his followers left on a grand tour of New Ontario, and when they got to Thessalon it was found that a quartette from the choir of one of the local churches had taken up the verses and set them to a hymn tune. Placards with the words of the chorus in large letters were placed about the rink where the meeting was held and the audience was requested to join in the chorus. The song was sung to the accompaniment of a cabinet organ, and, to make matters worse, the tune adopted was one of those droning affairs appropriately named "the tune that the old cow died off." The last line "and Whitney will win" was drowned out in a melancholy tone widely divorced from the note of hope and triumph.

For some inexplicable reason, however, Mr. Whitney liked it, and when he returned to Toronto suggested to

the organizers that Mr. Clarke's ditty be rendered at a great mass meeting in Massey Hall which was to close the campaign. "Go to C," said Mr. Whitney, naming a newspaperman who had been at Thessalon with the party, "he'll tell you what the tune was. I don't know much about music myself."

The organizer approached the newspaperman, who was also a music critic, with a request for information. "Good Lord!" said the latter, "if they sing to the same tune as they did at Thessalon, the Grits will capture all four Torontos." The organizer said, however, that Mr. Whitney was very urgent about it, and that a quartette had already been engaged. Couldn't they get somebody to compose an air? The newspaperman promised to consult the author, Mr. Clarke, and see if he could make a suggestion. The latter hummed to himself a few minutes and then said: "I have it. The thing will go to 'Bonnie Dundee.'" The problem was solved, and thus the electors of Toronto heard it. There was only one thing wrong about the song. It was wrong in its prophecy, for Whitney did not win that time, although he came pretty near it.

Straight Politics.

I FANCY there must be very few of us left who knew Sir John Macdonald intimately," writes a valued reader of SATURDAY NIGHT. "I am one of the few; and—though a Grit of the Grits—I have always admired, not the methods, but the man, who at a very critical moment said those words—often copied afterwards: 'A British subject I was born, and a British subject I will die.' His life is yet to be written, though Mr. Pope, C.M.G., made a fair contribution towards it, and Mr. Pennington-Macpherson made a bad one."

"This is one of Sir John's inimitable stories, told to the present writer at Earncliffe, in the last year of the great Premier's life, and it may be useful just now to 'Independent Liberals.'"

"Sir John said: 'There is a doctor here—I shall not tell you his name, but it begins with G, and you may be able to guess it. He is a good doctor, and (with that unforgettable shake of the head and twinkle of Sir John's steel-blue eyes) I gave him a title, which he is very proud of.'"

"One day my son, Hugh John, said to him: 'Doctor, how is it that with your big practice you seem to be able to get up all those big public questions, and always vote right?' The answer of Sir John was the point of this story, and therefore I have kept it till the end. It was: 'Hugh John, when I come into the House at night after a hard day's work I don't bother about the questions under debate, but I listen for the division bell and when the old man gets up, I just get up too.'"

Mixed Metaphors.

JUST when a mixed metaphor becomes a "bull" it is hard to say, but Mr. A. W. Wright, who is running as an Independent Conservative in West Toronto, probably came pretty close to the line in addressing a meeting in the north end of the city the other night. He was pointing with scorn to the hide-bound Grit and the hide-bound Tory.

"I have examined them pretty closely," he said, "and I have not found any angel feathers sprouting on their shoulders; and you know, when a man has been too long with a party, the barnacles will gather; and it has been said: 'Whosoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together.'"

So the heavens and the waters and the air between were searched by the doughty candidate in his effort to express his contempt for the partizan.

Mr. A. W. Wright's Career.

WHETHER Mr. A. W. Wright is elected or no, in his campaign in West Toronto, it is generally declared by newspapermen and others who know him well that he is the kind of man that we ought to have in the Legislature. In fact, it has always been more or less of a puzzle that a man of his accomplishments should not have played a more prominent part in the country's affairs. Though during a considerable part of his career he was associated with the labor cause, Mr. Wright, like his old friend Mr. Phillips Thompson, was never a working man in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but, like him, began as a newspaperman and became an authority on economic subjects. He comes from Preston in Waterloo county, and years ago he was editor of the Guelph Herald.

The story of how, as a youth, he helped Bennett Burleigh, the Confederate officer, to elude the officers of the law was told some months ago in these columns. He has resided, and talked on the stump, both in the United States and Canada, and is one of the most gifted public speakers that the country possesses, with a fine flow of intelligent rather than flowery speech. He was appointed one of the organizers of the Conservative party by Sir Charles Tupper, and during the six or seven years that he continued in that capacity he frequently took the stump.

Few who heard it will forget the laugh he caused in

an audience of farmers in West York when he was addressing a joint meeting with Mr. Arch. Campbell, the Liberal candidate. The latter had been dilating on how the export of apples had increased. Mr. Wright showed that, according to the term which it took an apple tree to mature, all the trees from which these apples came must have been planted during the old Conservative regime. He is a mine of information on such agricultural and industrial subjects.

This is not the first time he has run in this city. In 1879 there was a hotly contested bye-election for the Federal seat of West Toronto, in which Mr. James Beatty, K.C., defeated Mr. Peter Ryan, the latter making the best run ever made by a Liberal in that riding. Mr. Wright was a third candidate, running as an independent on the "rag baby" (paper money) issue, about which there was a great deal of talk all over the continent at the time. It has been said since that Mr. Wright ran at the request of Sir John A. Macdonald, who wished to test the strength of popular feeling on the issue. The vote he got was of such small dimensions that Sir John decided that he need not heed agitation on the subject.

With a vast fund of knowledge of political history, well informed on most practical subjects, a good speaker and story teller, and the most amiable of gentlemen, it is no wonder that newspapermen generally, without reference to party ties or his special views, wish to see him in the Legislature.

A Future Subscriber.

EMPIRE DAY exercises were held in the public schools at Barrie on Friday last. One of the lower grade teachers in the Central Ward school, after giving her pupils a short talk on the meaning of the anniversary, thought she would ask a few questions to see if the children had been paying attention.

"Now," she said, "who can tell me what Empire it is that we are celebrating? What is the Empire to which we belong? Well, Willie," she added, "as a small hand went up at the back, 'what Empire is it?'"

"The Mail and Empire," answered Willie, confidently.

PRISON statistics just published in Russia show better than anything else how far from normal the country is. During the last three months 766 death sentences have been passed. The empire contains accommodation for 117,138 prisoners, while the number of persons now incarcerated is 167,830. A horrible condition of things prevails in Kieff jail, where there are only 690 cells, whereas the number of prisoners is 2,207.

In Odessa the prisoners have 804 cells and 1,610 inmates. Hence prisoners are obliged to sleep in corridors on the floor, while many cannot lie down at all, but sleep in a sitting posture.

SATURDAY NIGHT evidently goes everywhere," writes a Toronto business man touring in the West, "for I've seen it in Moose Jaw, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, and Vancouver recently." It may be added that it goes to many places far north of Edmonton.



HON. ADAM BECK'S PHOTOGRAPHER, JUST AFTER WINNING THE OPENING RACE OF THE MEETING.



MR. W. F. MACLEAN, M.P., AND MISS MACLEAN.



AT THE WOODBINE

WATCHING A FINISH FROM THE BENCHES IN THE MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE.

B E Y O N D M A N

By ARTHUR HEMMING

Author of Spirit Lake. Illustrated by the Author

Sergeant Gray, of the North-West Mounted Police, had been for long months searching the plains and Rocky Mountains for One-Eyed Smith, who was charged with murder. At last, finding him asleep, he succeeded in getting handcuffs on him, but the desperado declared he would not be taken to the barracks, seven hundred miles away. The long wilderness trip has to be made by canoe. After two days' travel they were split in a rapids and the Sergeant, by great effort, saved the life of his prisoner, who could not understand this action, knowing that he had given fair notice that he would kill his captor and escape at the first opportunity. Making camp after this accident the Sergeant left his man and mounted an eminence to get a view of the country ahead and plan his line of travel.

WHEN he returned to the river, dusk was creeping up the valley, and shadowing the trees. On reaching the spot where he had left his prisoner, he looked about him in amazement. The man had disappeared. He forgot his fatigue, and at once set about the recapture of the missing man. Carefully examining the spot where he had left him basking in the sun, he found here and there the delicate moss on the rocks slightly disturbed. He traced the faint signs in a direction that led toward the trees. Then, on coming upon a stretch of soft soil, he discovered to his intense surprise the footprints of a large bear. The ground showed that the prisoner, whose feet were still hobbled, had made his way over it in a series of jumps. The tracks guided him to a tree. There the trail was lost beneath a mass of imprints of bear's feet pointing in all directions. Just then he heard the snicker of a man; but could not for the moment tell whence it came.

Then a voice above him said, "Hell! what a chance I've missed! If I'd only had a rock up here, I could have smashed your head."

Looking up, the sergeant saw his prisoner peering down at him through the upper branches of the tree. "Well, that's one on me!" the policeman exclaimed as he gazed wonderingly upward.

Smith broke into a laugh, and said: "It was a devil of a big grizzly. I was sitting on the bank enjoyin' the sun, when I see it swimmin' over. So I made tracks for here; an' if it hadn't been that grizzlies ain't built for climbin' trees, it would have been the end of me."

"Come, let's get supper," said the policeman, good-naturedly. "All my matches are wet. Have you any dry ones?"

"Sure thing!" replied Smith, as he drew a small flat bottle from his pocket and held it up. It was filled with wax matches.

"Then we're fixed," commented the policeman. "Here's my knife. Get busy with the birds while I gather some firewood."

Though they cooked all the grouse that night they saved three for the following day's food. After chatting in a friendly way for an hour they fell asleep on opposite sides of the fire. Smith, at least, did. Sergeant Gray was only pretending. When sure that his prisoner was asleep, he cautiously rose, made his way into the outer darkness, climbed a suitable tree and spent the rest of the night in its branches. It was the only way he had of being in safety while he slept.

Next morning they ate their breakfast in silence, for Smith's expression was not conducive to conversation, and the sergeant, too, had much to ponder over. First, he had to decide how to act in regard to the handcuffs that were still on the outlaw's ankles. They had to be removed or he could not travel. To remove them and place them on his wrist meant, in all probability, a desperate fight, in which each stood a chance of being killed. If, however, he was not fettered, what was to hinder his escaping? On the other hand, the man was dependent upon him for food; that is, as long as he possessed the revolver; and on that account he would not dare to make a dash for liberty until, at least, they were nearing some abode of men where he could count on obtaining help of one kind or another. Then there was a second problem. How was he himself to secure rest without exposing himself to the danger of being murdered while he slept? The vital thing was the possession of the revolver. Everything hinged upon that. And the crisis was fast approaching.

To demonstrate his efficiency with the weapon the sergeant aimed at a "Whisky Jack," or Canada jay, perched high on a neighboring tree and blew it into atoms.

"Good!" cried Smith, with a gesture of astonishment.

"Come, we must be going," said the sergeant as impassively as if he had not heard Smith's exclamation.

Taking the key chain from his belt, he tossed it to the prisoner and sternly ordered him to remove the handcuffs from his feet and place them on his wrists. The cautious sergeant knew that he must not do this himself; for if Smith grappled with him the outcome would be doubtful. If he refused to comply with the latter part of the order he would either be free or dead from a revolver bullet. The next few minutes would decide, at least for the time being.

Smith caught the key, leaned forward and took off his fetters. Then he straightened himself up and fixed his keen, black, solitary eye on the constable, who faced him, revolver in hand but not covering him.

"Now," said Smith huskily, "if I put the blasted nippers on I stand a chance of ending at the gallows; but if I don't, I stand a chance of going free, because we'll fight, and in less than five minutes either one of us will be dead. But," here he hesitated, "that reminds me. I would have been dead yesterday if it hadn't been for you. So, to make your mind easy, at least for a while, I'll put them on. But, remember, I don't do it through fear of you."

The silence that followed was broken only by the clicking of the handcuffs as Smith snapped them about his wrists. Then he added, "But, remember once again, you'll never take me to your blasted barracks!"

"Smith," returned the sergeant earnestly, "others before you have made that same remark; but they got to the barracks all the same. If God is willing, I will! Now, head for the southeast, and get a move on, for we are going over the divide."

All morning they trudged among the trees. By noon they had ascended the mountainside as far as the level of dwarfed evergreens—grotesque shapes, crooked and distorted as if some giant hand had twisted them so. That afternoon they saw several black bears eating berries in the valleys below; but no living thing came within range. As they strode along they halted occasionally to gather blueberries, but that was all they stopped to eat. When night came on they built a fire before a



"ONE-EYED" SMITH.

rocky cavern, and Gray divided the remaining grouse, giving his prisoner exactly half. Next morning they crossed the divide. Their path lay downward now, but still they saw no signs of game. For two days they tramped wearily on, and beyond eating the inner bark of poplar and what few berries they could find, they had nothing with which to cheat their hunger. At dawn on the following day Sergeant Gray ordered Smith to remain beside the fire while he went off in search of food. About noon he returned with a small hare, which he cooked and divided fairly. All that afternoon and a part of the following morning they plodded on.

About ten o'clock they came upon a huge mass of fallen timber. The once towering trunks which composed the mass had had so feeble a grip on the scanty soil on the mountainside that some storm of unusual violence had uprooted them and flung them down. There they lay, a wreck that covered a strip of the mountainside half a mile in width, and piled in interlocked confusion to a depth of from ten to fifty feet. Years had elapsed since their fall, and time and weather had stripped every vestige of bark from their smooth, limbless boles. The men found that when they attempted to climb over the tangled mass of timbers the heavy dew that still remained—for the sun had not yet reached that part of the valley—made them very slippery. It was dangerous, for their shoes had no hold whatever upon the slimy logs.

As they were setting out on their perilous venture the sergeant called on Smith to halt, and, tossing him the key, ordered him to take off his handcuffs and put them in his pocket. "You will need all your limbs to keep your balance here," he said.

Smith's years of experience at river driving had given him a secure footing upon moving timbers; and now his skill stood him in such good stead that he had little trouble. But it was quite another thing with the sergeant. Now they would be ascending astride a slanting log, then they would be lowering themselves down on a level trunk along which they would advance a little way, only to be stopped by an impenetrable chaos, where their only chance of progress lay in going either over or under. If the latter appeared the easier way they would gradually descend from one trunk to another, until they had just about reached the ground; then, continuing for a few yards, they would slowly ascend again. It was exhausting work, and, owing to their famished condition, it soon began to tell on them. They advanced steadily, however, and had almost reached the other side, when a stagily lit on the sergeant's neck, just as he was at one of the most dangerous places. He raised his hand to brush it off, missed his footing and pitched headlong down fifty feet among the tangled, splintered trunks below.

Hearing the crash, Smith turned his head, and then stood still. Away down in the shadowy depths he saw the sergeant's body sprawling limp and lifeless on a log. For a moment he hesitated, stared at the free plains beyond the tangle, then broke into a run upon the slippery timbers, reached a point where a huge trunk crossed below and slid down on it. From log to log he descended, until in a few moments he had reached the ground. Stooping over the unconscious policeman, he turned him gently on his back, opened his tunic and the throat of his shirt, and began to fan him with a piece of bark. When the sergeant came to, it was found that his left leg was broken below the knee. Smith reduced the fracture as best he could—it turned out to

be a simple one—bandaged the limb with folds of linen torn from his shirt, and with the knife, which Gray handed to him, improvised splints, shaped and hollowed out so as to fit as evenly as possible, and bound the whole with leather thongs, which he made by cutting up his belt. Then he spent fully three hours in getting the disabled man out of the fallen timber.

When making camp that night Smith prepared a heavy mattress of balsam bows for the sergeant to lie on; but his pain was too great to allow him to sleep.

Next morning he took off his cartridge belt and handed it with the revolver to the outlaw. "Here, Smith," he said, "they are more use to you than to me now."

Without a word Smith took them, strapped them on, turned and disappeared among the trees. Before noon he came back with a hare, an owl and three grouse, and with the news that the Beaver river flowed in the very next valley.

"That's our only way out," he said, "an' in a few days the current ought to carry us down to Fort Mackenzie. The trader in charge is a doctor, an' he can fix you up."

By evening of the following day they were camping on the bank of the Beaver river. Though the sergeant had done manfully on improvised crutches, Smith had carried him on his back more than half the way. That evening the outlaw wandered far up stream in search of logs with which to make a raft. Finding a stranded tree trunk he gradually worked it into the river, and spent the greater part of the night lashing driftwood on either side, with the help of long strips of willow bark. Soon after daylight he managed to kill four ducks, and, after cooking them for breakfast, made the constable as comfortable as possible upon the rickety, wave-washed raft. Then he shoved off for Fort Mackenzie.

"I know this river well," said Smith, as he poled the raft into the current, "an' there's only one rapid between here an' the fort, an' that's at the Gap. If the water's low we can make it, but when it's high no one but a dead man ever made the run."

All day they drifted down the winding river as it flowed between the mountains and the hills. The grandeur of the lofty peaks on either side made the men feel as if they were nothing more than parasites clinging to a tiny twig and whirled along a swollen stream; their individual lives seemed to them of scarcely more importance. In silence they passed the hours of the day, and each realized how little difference it would make to the world if he was never heard of again. They were hushed and awed by the majesty of Nature, and of the all powerful Being whose will she obeyed.

"Smith, do you believe in God?" the sergeant asked. "Never, when I'm among the boys in town," replied the outlaw; "but when I'm nothin' more than a house clingin' to a floatin' straw, I sure do."

"That's it exactly," exclaimed the constable, "and it's just the same in barracks." After a moment's reflection he continued: "The only atheists I ever knew were not the men who lived in the woods, or on the mountains either; they were always those who could see no farther than the four walls of their little room in the crowded

that in time of high water they held back the river like a great sluice; and there a raging torrent roared. Immediately beyond the Gap the shores spread apart, and the river rolled on in peaceful flow down to Fort Mackenzie, a post of the Hudson Bay Company that stood on the northern shore scarcely ten miles below.

Smith knew every inch of the way. Drifting cautiously along the edge of the northern bank, he ran the raft into a tiny bay formed by a ridge of rock jutting out into the stream about six inches above the surface of the water. Though it lay immediately above the Gap, it offered the only safe landing place to be found in the canon at high water time. Thence they could see the foam leaping above the great rapids that roared a few hundred yards below. The trail from the south came directly toward the canon, at a point exactly opposite to the spot where Smith had landed, and then wound down the face of the southern cliff.

About three o'clock that afternoon, while the two silent men were contemplating the tremendously destructive power of the river as it tossed great, uprooted trees on its wild flood, they were startled by a voice calling to them from above.

"Hello, Sergeant Gray!" it said. On looking up, they saw a horse and rider showing against the sky above the opposite side of the canon. The horseman gravely saluted; it was Corporal Grant of the mounted police.

"Hello, corporal!" shouted the sergeant in reply.

"The old girl's certainly fuming," called out the constable on the other bank, pointing to the river. "Any news of our one-eyed friend?"

"Yes," replied the sergeant. "Don't you see he's acting as my nurse just now?"

"The devil you say!" exclaimed the amazed corporal. "But what's the matter with you?"

"A broken leg," the sergeant answered.

"Then I'll be over in a jiffy," cried the corporal as he reined his horse's head in the direction of where the ford used to be.

"Stop!" yelled the sergeant. "You can't make it and live! You'll just have to do as we are doing—wait till the flood goes down."

Seeing the horseman pause, he continued, "Smith brought me down on this raft, instead of leaving me in the woods to die. By noon to-morrow I hope to be in the doctor's care at Fort Mackenzie."

As he spoke he looked toward the raft, and cried out in alarm. "Quick, the raft! She's getting away!"

The rising river had lifted the raft over the little rocky barrier, and at that very moment, as Smith made a rush for it, it swung clear. Leaping aboard, he seized a pole, and shoved desperately to bring it around; but the current had so strong a grip of it that his efforts were in vain. For an instant he hesitated about leaping back to shore; then seeing that another chance was offering for saving the raft, as it began to pass between a rock and the shore, he planted his pole firmly against the rock and strove with all his might to drive the raft in shore; but the pole snapped in two, and he fell headlong in the flood. When he rose, he clutched at the raft and soon drew himself up on it. But by that time the river had swept him beyond the help of man.

As the doomed outlaw stood up, the sergeant yelled, "Jump, man, or you'll drown!"

Smith hoarsely called back, "It's too late! I can't swim!"

"Then may God be with you!" cried Sergeant Gray.

Just before the raft dived into the seething foam Smith was seen to lie down on the largest log and grasp it firmly with his arms and legs. A moment later he vanished from the sight of Sergeant Gray, who felt a wave of contentment come over his heart as he realized that the outlaw was passing beyond the grasp of Corporal Grant; for a mountain range intervening prevented him from following down the southern bank to pick up the body, even should it rise again.

It was useless now for the sergeant to scan the rapids, for he could see nothing but the leaping foam; so he watched his comrade on the cliff above. The corporal was straining forward in his saddle, gazing intently at the boiling caldron below. As the sergeant anxiously observed his motionless figure, seconds seemed as long as minutes. After what he felt to be an endless interval he saw Corporal Grant rise in his stirrups and wave his hat wildly above his head.


"Did he make it?" yelled Sergeant Gray.

"Yes," the corporal shouted back, "and, by George! he lives!"

Old Age Pensions in England.

THE reception of Premier Asquith's plan for old-age pensions shows how difficult it is for a great nation in modern times to undertake the paternalistic care of its superannuated citizens. According to the budget, \$30,000,000 would provide a pension of \$1.25 weekly to every person in Britain, excluding criminals, lunatics and paupers. The number of pensioners, it is estimated, would not include over half a million people, for no one with an income of more than ten shillings a week is to be admissible. The Spectator stigmatizes this as "A plan to discourage the working classes from making adequate provision for old age," and points out various flaws in the bill. For instance, the man whose income is \$2.50 receives a pension, the one who earns \$2.75 does not; married couples, moreover, receive only seven shillings instead of ten, thus putting a premium on illegitimate unions. But these are minor considerations. The point is, the pension fund must come from somewhere, (notes Harper's Weekly), and a higher tariff seems therefore inevitable. In Germany, France, and Belgium, the beneficiary as well as his employer contributes toward the fund, thus making the pension a kind of insurance benefit. Only a year ago Mr. Asquith believed in a similar scheme for England. His change of front cannot now be explained. It does not seem likely that so solid and level-headed a man as Mr. Asquith would act, as the Daily Mail hints, on the principle of "After me the Deluge."

A SOMEWHAT novel experiment is reported from the Lambton Club as having been tried on the evening of Victoria day, and which proved of interest to the large group of lady members. Mr. George Doran laid a wager with one of the members that he could take a glass absolutely full of water and put 500 pins in it without spilling a drop of water. At the appointed time, Mr. Doran sat down at a table with a glass of water which was so full that it was obvious that not another drop could be added to it. He then proceeded to drop in the pins one at a time, and in a short time had won his wager. He then proceeded more rapidly and in a short time added 1,500 pins until the glass of water was practically full of pins, and it was not until 2,025 pins had been dropped in the glass that the first drop of water ran over.



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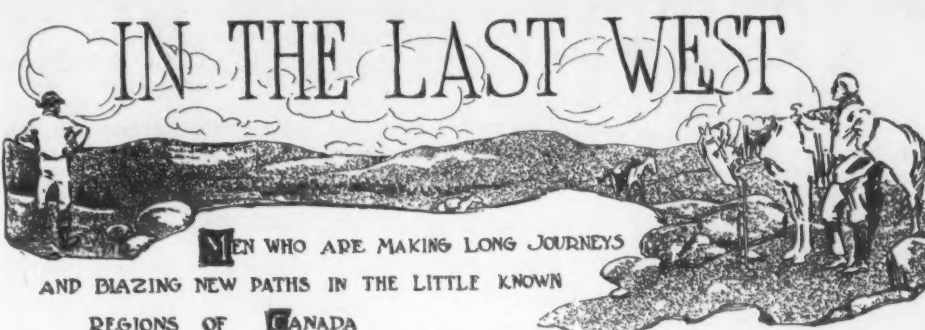


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IN THE LAST WEST
MEN WHO ARE MAKING LONG JOURNEYS
AND BLAZING NEW PATHS IN THE LITTLE KNOWN
REGIONS OF CANADA

MANY widely-varying opinions have been advanced as to the probable importance of the gold discoveries recently reported from the Findlay river district. Regarding this country, one of the most interesting figures among Western miners was interviewed the other day at Vancouver. The interview is valuable both for the information it contains and for the reminiscences recalled:

Although his placer mining experiences date back nearly fifty years, Col. Donald MacGregor, a Glengarian, now in Vancouver, is hale and hearty. He first saw the Cariboo district in the early sixties and survived to be one of the first pioneers to join in the rush to the Klondike with the members of a younger generation. The colonel is still young and kittenish. His friends expect to see him hike off this summer, just as a diversion, to the Findlay river country, forty miles from which he made a big clean-up in 1871.

"The news of a rich strike in Northern British Columbia caused a stampede of Cariboo miners to the Omineca country in 1870," said the colonel. "We did not follow the precise route indicated by Neil Gething, who went into the same region last year. From Fort George on the Fraser we ascended a small stream to a divide, thence we descended the Stuart river to Stuart lake. Securing supplies from Fort St. James, the Hudson's Bay post there, we proceeded to Lake Tatila and made a sixty mile portage to a place called Hoggan on the Omineca. We then took boats down the river to Jamieson creek, a small tributary, which yielded a splendid return of placer gold. I was part owner in the Payne claim. It was not infrequent to clean up \$100 a day to the shovel, and our profits for a while were \$1,000 a day. Finally the gold was dug out, but for a time Jamieson creek had a population of three thousand. The camp was a law-abiding one, as the miners were mostly old-timers from the Cariboo. I still believe the country, which is only forty miles from the Findlay will repay intelligent prospecting. I am convinced that with the application of modern dredging methods splendid results could be attained. The gold in places was plentiful, but often owing to the irregularity of the formation and later disturbances it was too scattered to be worked at a profit. The old-timers naturally ran over the country, hurriedly, only selecting the richest ground. To-day, with improved conditions and with lower costs of living, dirt formerly overlooked would likely pay a handsome return. My sincere opinion is that dredging the Omineca and its tributaries will prove more profitable than on many of the creeks in the Klondike."

SO much is being said nowadays in the papers in regard to the placers of Findlay river, that it is not surprising there should be some inquiry as to where the river is. The information is well given in a recent editorial article in the Victoria Colonist:

The Findlay is one of two streams, the other being the Parsnip, which unite to form the Peace river. The Findlay flows from the north; the Parsnip from the south, and when they unite the Peace flows eastward through the Rocky mountains by way of a remarkable valley, and so on until its waters fall into Lake Athabasca, to be carried thence by the Mackenzie to the Arctic Ocean. The Findlay has its source in that little known region in which some of the tributaries of the Liard, itself a tributary to the Mackenzie, and the Stikine take their rise. Arguing from analogy this region ought to prove highly metalliferous. Along the great continental mountain range, it is the rule that the greatest deposits of mineral in place are to be found in those localities from which rivers flow in various directions. There are places up in that northern part of British Columbia where the water falling from the same summer rain cloud may find its way through the Liard or the Findlay to the Arctic Ocean, or through the Pelly to the Yukon and thence down to Behring Sea, or by way of the Stikine to the landlocked channels of the Pacific

along the coast of Southeast Alaska. The late J. W. Haskins, who was one of the most indefatigable prospectors that ever worked in British Columbia, and who spent several years on the borders of this little known region, was an enthusiast as to its mineral wealth. The rich placers of Cassiar drew their gold from the unexplored interior where the innermost river sources are. So did some, at least, of the gold, which at one time made Omineca famous. There never was any doubt as to the presence of gold in the bars of the Findlay, for a good deal was won from them in bygone days.

In respect to present means of communication the Findlay is yet a good distance away. There are no roads within 250 or 300 miles of it, and perhaps not even as near as that, although there are well-defined trails to it by which it can be reached either from Ashcroft on the Canadian Pacific or the coast at the mouth of the Stikine.

THE British Columbia newspapers attach considerable importance to the fact that Hon. James Dunsmuir, Lieutenant-Governor of that province and the Coast's greatest financial magnate, has been given a seat on the board of directors of the Canadian Pacific railway. He is the only westerner on the board, and his appointment is taken to mean that the big railway intends from now on to look much more closely after the interests of Vancouver Island than ever before. Up to the present the Island has been content to figure as the Switzerland of Canada and as a famous resort for big game hunters. It is now, however, attracting many settlers, and the people there are very optimistic as to the future of that part of the Coast, as an agricultural country, an optimism which seems to be shared by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and the directorate of the C. P. R.

IN an effort to find a more direct route for the Grand Trunk Pacific in its westward approach to the Skeena river, a party of surveyors has just been sent out from Hazelton to explore a valley hitherto but little known—that of the Kitsegukla.

If a pass and a good grade are found in this valley, between twenty and thirty miles of the road will be eliminated and the new railroad will strike the Skeena fifteen miles further west than intended by the present surveys.

The surveys hitherto made bring the railway to the big river just where the latter is joined by the Bulkley. This is a mile and a half down the river from Hazelton. It is what is called Mission Point, the property having been secured years ago by Rev. Thos. Crosby, who was at that time in charge of Methodist mission work in the North. To reach Mission Point, the railway runs around Hazelton Mountain, with difficult grades and expensive construction.

Only one white man is known to have traversed the Kitsegukla Valley, and he made the tour thirty years ago. Shortly afterwards he was murdered by Indians. But he was back long enough to declare to the then residents of the North that it was the proper route for a wagon-road, which the British Columbia Government proposed to build across the country.

MR. A. C. FLUMERFELT, of Victoria, one of British Columbia's notably public-spirited citizens, devotes a great deal of time and energy to stimulating interest in Western Canada. The other day he delivered an address before the Canadian Club of Vancouver, on the resources and possibilities of the Coast province. Among other things he said:

"The very practical people tell us that imagination is all well enough in artists, musicians and poets, but that it has little place in the great world of realities. Yet all leaders of men have been dreamers. Our great captains of industry, our merchant princes, our railroad builders, had powerful prophetic imaginations. They had faith in the vast commercial possibilities of our country and people. If it had not been for the dreamers, this great new West, with its matchless

scenery and unlimited riches, would be as yet unknown. The most practical people in the world are those who can look far into the future and see the civilization yet to be; men who have the ability to foresee things to come, with a power to make them realities. The dreamers have ever been those who have achieved the seemingly impossible. prospecting I am convinced that with may strike some of the gentlemen present as being akin to dreaming, something which is impossible of fulfillment, but in all seriousness I am frank to say I do not think it possible to overestimate or overstate the future of this magnificent country."

THAT a vastly rich territory is awaiting the picks of prospectors up the Macmillan river is the information given Mr. Nevil A. D. Armstrong, who, with his cousin, Sir Andrew Armstrong, Bart., was in Vancouver the other day. Both were going north on the Princess May, and they will this summer instal over ten thousand dollars' worth of improvements to their property on Russell creek, a tributary to the Macmillan river, which flows into the Pelly river at Fort Selkirk.

From Fort Selkirk, said Mr. Armstrong, the only way of breaking into the new rich country is either to pole one's boat up the water two or three hundred miles, which would be a useless expedition, as it would be difficult in this manner to take sufficient supplies or to charter a steamer, the method of navigation employed by the Armstrong party.

Mr. Armstrong has recently written to the Government at Ottawa in respect to the navigation of the Macmillan river, urging upon the Government the necessity of adopting some method of facilitating travel in that rich mineral territory. He is of the opinion that the Government should subsidize a company to operate a steamer or take any other method deemed advisable.

The Gillis Extended, Limited, of which Mr. Armstrong is general manager, and his brother, Sir Andrew Armstrong, shareholder and director, owns five square miles on Russell creek, 255 miles from Fort Selkirk. The company has built a mile of ditches and will build another three-quarters of a mile this summer, besides installing new giants and a new pipe line.

Sir Andrew Armstrong has spent the past month in Victoria. His home is at Gallen, Kings county, Ireland, where he owns 6,000 acres of land.


A DESPATCH from Victoria says that W. W. Leach, Ottawa, an officer of the department of mines has left for the Bulkley valley in the Skeena river district, accompanied by a party of six to continue the work of making a topographical map, showing the various localities and the different coal locations in that country. This work has been in progress for two years and will be continued all summer.

Speaking of last year's work, Mr. Leach said, when interviewed at Victoria, that it was found that the coal in the Bulkley valley is of excellent quality, but that the quantity is not as great as was at first supposed. The coal ranges from lignite to an anthracite, and although the area is not anything like the size at first thought, there is, however, sufficient coal there to make it a very good proposition. There are big seams of good quality, but they are rather badly faulted, and the expense of working them cannot at the present time be estimated.

Mr. Leach reports that there are also a great number of low grade copper bodies that will come in some day, but will be of no use until after the railway has gone in and opened up the country, and provide the necessary transportation.

FROM a Paris newspaper is taken the following conversation in a police court:

The president, addressing the prisoner, said, sternly: "It appears from your record that you have been thirty-seven times previously convicted." To which the prisoner answered sententiously: "Man is not perfect."



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IF there is one thing the up-to-date mind enjoys more than another it's a new point of view. I have been much tormented by ecstatic letters from travelers in California while trying to ward off the spring attack of influenza or bronchitis which lie in wait for the unwary in this fresh-waterside and damp-atmosphere burg. In the midst of raptures from the West came the following refreshment: "Dear Lady Gay: Having noticed a remark in your column about California, which happens to express exactly my own idea of that much trumpeted portion of the earth, I am just writing to say, 'Hear!' One wonders whether a feeling of disappointment experienced lately on a trip west be due to a natural antipathy of a born-and-bred Easterner to Western things, or just a personal 'contrariness' of disposition. Whatever the reason, one certainly pined for a breath of good frosty air to blow the malaria away (we were then in end of October and it was humid and horrid), and also one did not seem able to sense any 'taste' in many of the much praised fruits and vegetables. Surely they are rather insipid in comparison with Eastern varieties. And then the complacency of the natives! One noticed a printed card in one of the theatres, which said: 'You may prefer New York to Los Angeles, but don't bother saying so!' This was a hint to the actors, who as a class are perhaps given to parading their knowledge of the earth in general—but at the same time it expresses the general inability of the Californian to admit the superiority of anything outside his country—so one thought, anyway."

The string of debutantes filed past the grand stand, and the knowing ones, or the owners, or the ladies in hat-pools, or the tipsters and their lambs watched them more or less intelligently. How springy their walk, how pretty their little heads, and how proud or wilful or well-bred their ways and impulses! Down the line one looked with the question universal: Which will best all the string? Which will come, like a baby cyclone, tearing first past the wire? Sentiment pulled one way, instinct another and then quick as a flash came conviction, which took a third direction. It's easy enough to have convictions after the battle—everyone has 'em—but before hand, when that unexpected finger points to one only outcome, it's best to follow it with your cash. For it's uncanny and inevitable, and you may not have it again if you flout it this time! All of which means that one had the right internal conviction and told it betimes as to where the King's Plate and the guineas were going. Hail to the little earthquake, with old Satan's colors, and Seismic first home!

"I want to ask your advice," is a preamble often sounded over the telephone wire, in a letter, or face to face with persons supposed by experience and knowledge to be worth consulting. "Don't give advice," is a pretty safe rule to follow, unless it be on strictly impersonal matters. The questioner wants to ascertain your attitude and tone of thought, generally in regard to some other person and if you are "easy" money, and tell what you know and your conclusions and mode of procedure, you will in nine cases out of ten live to sincerely regret it. When anyone wants to ask my advice I employ myself diligently in discovering my questioner's thoughts on the doubtful subject. If I can vaguely endorse them I do so; if not, I am the most dense, obtuse and ignorant of mortals. As even this rule has not on all occasions served to keep me from being objectionably quoted and cited as authority for the most fatuous and reckless remarks, I fight shy of the person requesting advice on any personal matters with the adroitness born of mingled apprehension and exasperation. It's the only means of safety.

The fifth commandment has its complementary duty, but one hears very little about it; nothing, of course, when one is small and submerged, and little when one has grown to the reflective and deductive age. The question of the honor a parent owes to a child doesn't often occupy the mind in an intelligent manner. I don't speak of the tyrant, the oppressor, the niggard, or the absolutely indifferent parent, each of them monstrous in his or her own way, but of the well-meaning, kindly, affectionate person, who desires the

good of the child more than any earthly thing. A man said to me the other day that his son had decided he wanted to begin a course at a famous military school. The boy made the announcement with a determined air of finality and the father said to me: "I don't see how on earth I am to finance such a scheme. I must get away and try and make more money. I could never finance him through that career with my present resources." Somehow my heart hardened to that selfish young boy, and I spoke hotly to the effect that if he were mine I'd see him far enough before I'd set him in a false position, for such it would be if he began a career manifestly above his means. But the father shook his head and murmured something about killing a boy's ambition and disheartening him; and he will slave unarmingly, I feel quite sure, helping to make his boy more selfish, more priggish and more of a sham than anything else. One often knows of mothers who slave over the stove and the tub that their pretty daughters may have pompadoors and lace-trimmed gowns and hands innocent of hard work; but fathers who get an idea into their noddles that the boy must have any ambitious career he chooses, no matter how it breaks the home bank, are so few and far between, owing to their better common sense, that to find one is in the nature of a discovery; which brings me back to where I started, wondering how much a parent should honor a child? I can't help believing that it may be quite easy to dishonor and destroy the real value of the child, as above stated.



The above COLUMN MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1 Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2 Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3 Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4 Please address Correspondence Column. 1 inch squares unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Cis.—Your writing is strong and able, with tradition and some prejudice, a good deal of sentiment, tenacity and force of will. Suavity and some tact are shown. You are sometimes secretive, but generally frank and independent in speech. There is nothing platonic about your affections. You are apt to make friends easily and should be fairly influential and popular. It is a strong and somewhat showy sort of study.

Mary D.—Writer is neat, level-headed, loves praise and has a good opinion of herself, is fond of beauty, very amiable, slightly ambitious, practical but never aggressive. Her ideas are clear and well sorted, and she would rather influence and coax than command. Writer may find selfish instincts hinder her course, but has the power and determination to subdue them. It is one of the subtly strong hands, capable of taking the best of care of number one, and not bothering much about number two. Excellent sequence of thought is indicated.

Adele W.—You ask a good many questions but they are all sensible ones. Generally fair people have less decision and weight of character than dark ones and their writings may therefore sometimes indicate their complexion, but I should not care to go too surely by that guide. March 12 brings you under the full influence of Pisces, and your writing, full of doubt and mistrust of yourself and others; sweet tempered, adaptable, sentimental and susceptible. To brood over one subject, to become morbid and morose is often a Pisces way of not succeeding. Your best companions would be Virgo and Capricorn people, both earth signs. Pisces men and women are admirably adapted to home and family life. The governing planets are Jupiter and Neptune. All the world loves a well-developed Pisces person, though Pisces often thinks all the world is against him.

Kitty.—Are you quite sure the characters are fundamentally different, or may they not be simply in different stages of development? June 29 brings you under Cancer, which sign is called the paradox of the twelve. Its children are unexpected and apparently unreasonable at all times. Ten years would make a wonderful difference in a Cancer child, either for good or evil. Your writing is fairly promising, but is not very well developed. Combat restless and nervous inclination, also too

much personal talk, and be sure you have an earnest and steadfast purpose. Don't be too ambitious, and despair because you are not in the first rank in what you undertake. A lie is pernicious in the extreme to you. This sign is governed by the moon, so be on the lookout for inconstancy in yourself and correct it. Your proper friends are from your own element, water, Pisces and Scorpio being the signs to find them under.

Ariel.—Your writing promises great things and you should excel in some artistic career, if it develops as it promises. At present it seems only in transition and has only hints here and there is its future possibilities.

C. A. B.—Feb. 3 brings you under Aquarius, an air sign of excellent quality. You are neat, orderly, practical and a good economist. You are generally hopeful, clear-headed, honest and truthful and innocent of diplomacy or finesse. The tendency of Aquarius to squander, postpone and belittle. The splendid qualities of that sign is not marked in your writing. You should be good at figures, and a reliable person in almost every respect. Discretion is strong in you.

Fraser.—As you will note, your letter has had to wait its turn. I sometimes don't open the correspondence letters until their turn comes, and the answer is often too late. "Thanks so much for your kind remembrances of me during my illness. Everyone was so good, and I prized your friendly enquiries and the beautiful flowers greatly." Your writing is not firm enough yet for study. Wait awhile. Nov. 2 brings you under Scorpio, a splendid sign, and all the strength of the great man may be yours under it. You should travel by water, whenever possible and if in your experience you come under conditions leaving you revengefully inclined, lose no time in controlling your impulse. Scorpio can well afford to forgive and forget.

Dolores.—See answer to C. A. B., another Aquarius child. You have also discretion, and a very unsentimental and independent nature, impulsive and prone to criticism, with indecision and lack of determination. The sequence of ideas is good, and you are conservative and mentally bright.

A Country Girl.—By all means marry your September man, and if he dominates, as he most likely will, submit ostensibly, as the German woman does, but get your own way in the end, as she invariably succeeds in doing. Pisces has a deep love nature, and a very high tone if properly developed. You can succeed in many things, for Pisces gives artists, musicians, art critics, poets, writers and lecturers to the world. To be high-minded, to perfect your good judgment, to keep optimistic is your best way of growing.

DUNLOP CLAIMS SUSTAINED.
LATEST TIRE LITIGATION RESULTS IN DECISION FAVORABLE TO THE ORIGINAL PATENTEES.

The British Columbia papers report the successful issue of a suit brought by the Dunlop Tire and Rubber Goods Company against certain parties who were alleged to have infringed the Dunlop Company's patent pneumatic bicycle tire. This is the latest piece of litigation reported in this cause and evidences the fact that the Dunlop tire is still not without its envious imitators. When it first appeared the Dunlop idea was widely copied and extensive litigation followed, in which the original patentees were sustained in every instance. The latest infringers in Canada were importing, and offering for sale, a tire that imitated the Dunlop in construction. The court ruled that the defendants in the case had offered for sale a tire that infringed the Dunlop patent and an injunction was forthwith granted.

The feature in pneumatic tire construction that marks a tire as "Dunlop" is the inextensible retaining wires. No tire, having unstretchable wires embedded in its edges, around the narrowest part of its circumference, can be made, or offered for sale in Canada, by any other than the original patentees, the Dunlop Tire and Rubber Goods Company. The Dunlop idea in bicycle tire construction holds good in automobile tires. It is applied to all forms of pneumatic tires.

The recent litigation in British Columbia followed the arrival there of Mr. John Westren, Secretary-Treasurer and General Manager of the Dunlop Tire and Rubber Goods Company. In an interview, however, Mr. Westren denied that his visit to "the Coast" was altogether prompted by patent infringements. The primary object of his visit was to inspect the company's branches in the West and locate the Vancouver Branch of the Dunlop Company in new premises.

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THE TICKLER

At the Ball Game.

THE New York Sun is good at making thumb-nail sketches about phases of life familiar to everybody. Here is one concerning baseball:

He sat in the back of the press box at American League Park with his small son. Furthermore, he was one of the talkative sort and let the surrounding world get the benefit of what he knew. The small son was being taught to score and he wasn't very keen on it, because Pop was bothering him so.

"You start with the pitcher and number them right around," said Pop. "The pitcher's 1, the catcher's 2, first base 3, second base 4, shortstop 5, third base 6, right field 7, centre field 8, left field 9."

Now Pop's notation happened not to agree with that of any of the men in the press box. Almost any one knows that the shortstop is 6, and the third baseman 5, while the fielders are numbered from left to right and not the way Pop had them. The result was deep cursing every time the shortstop got an assist or a putout because Pop belittled out to his small son, "Write it down, 5-3," when everyone knew it ought to be 6-3.

Son after a while rebelled, "I don't want to keep score."

Pop said, "Go on, now. You got to learn, because some day when I bring you up here I'll want to watch the game and let you keep the score. I'm giving up the game for the sake of teaching you to-day."

But Son got his release about an inning later. One of the New Yorks got up to the bat in the fourth inning.

About everyone else in the stand knew it was Moriarty, who had taken Stahl's place in left field two innings before when Stahl was put out of the game for objecting to the umpire calling him out on strikes.

"Come on, now, hit it out, Jake!" vociferated Pop, and kept on cheering for Stahl.

One of those in front stood it for a little while, but finally he turned around and remarked, "Ah, cheese it, that ain't Stahl, you loud mouth; that's Moriarty." And Pop was so crushed he didn't harry his young son the rest of the game.

When you have something to say to a mule, don't say it behind his back.—Lippincott's.



THE Princess Theatre will close its season next week with a production of "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" by the company under direction of Mr. Ernest Shipman, in which Roselle Knott plays the leading role.

No one can challenge the assertion that J. M. Barrie, as an author of stories, is a delightful entertainer. Sentiment and satire, realism and fantasy, sympathetic humor and ironical wit make his play "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" restfully enjoyable. It is full of sparkling humor and more—a play, in short, to delight anyone whose perceptions are not of the duldest. It amuses and goes straight to the heart. Its sparkle seems to be all on the surface, and yet there is in it a serious tragedy of disillusioned and disappointed motherhood. One laughs at a daughter of sixteen instructing her mother in the knowledge of life, and at the mother's clever indulgence of the daughter in the latter's mistake, but there is sympathy for the mother in the effort she is making to win the love of the daughter and the son, from whom she has been separated for years. "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" grows on one from the first to the second act and still on into the third. And the merits of the play are said to be quite admirably brought out by Roselle Knott and the capable company supporting her. Miss Knott gives an intelligent and sympathetic performance of the wife and mother, in whom the maternal spirit is strong and tactful. Her acting is vivacious and effective.

Andrew Robson, as Col. Grey, Alice's husband, an English gentleman, has a strong part and an interesting one. Viola Knott as Amy Grey, gives a good presentation of the girl of sixteen, who has learned the ways of the world from attending the theatre five times in one week. John MacFarlane, Ernest Truex, Miss Isabelle MacGregor, Mrs. Marion MacDonald and the others of the company are said to fill their roles capably.

The play will run at the Princess all next week.

For the fourth week of its successful summer season at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, the Imperial Opera Company will offer an elaborate revival of "A Runaway Girl," beginning next Monday night, June 1. This is another of the most popular English musical comedies which is produced here by arrangement with Mr. George Edwards, of the Gaiety Theatre, London, and is one of the first real musical comedy successes produced by the Augustin Daly musical company.

As in "A Country Girl" the cast of "A Runaway Girl" will be infinitely better in its personnel than an ordinary stock production, as every member of the Imperial Opera Company's principals has appeared in the production at some time during its long run in New York. Elgie Bowen, who will interpret the title role, is admirably suited to the dainty character of the school girl, and will doubtless be remembered for her clever work in this piece when it was first played in Toronto. Mr. Clarence Harvey is happily cast as Flipper, a jockey, which is another clever comedy part, like his interpretation of Barry in "A Country Girl." The other principal parts will be played by Mr. Harry Girard, Mr. Hallen Mostyn, Mr. Rudolph Koch, Mr. W. L. Romaine, Mr. George LeSoir, Mr. Edward Earle, Mr. Wm. Rotheckar, Mr. Harry Gordon, Mr. Thomas McKnight, Miss Adelaide Manola, Miss Violet Colby, Miss Laura Butler, Miss Rita Ravensburg, Miss Helen Ormonde and Miss Florence McClure, comprising in all, quite the most pretentious cast of characters which has been drawn from this company since its first appearance. The chorus is considerably augmented for "A Runaway Girl," in which the ensemble numbers provide many opportunities for elaborate costuming, while the locales of Venice and Ajaccio provide picturesque settings for the scenic artists.

The excellent results acquired by the cooling plant at the Royal Alexandra Theatre make it quite the most comfortable amusement auditorium in the city for summer patrons.

"A Runaway Girl," is described as an English musical comedy in two acts and three scenes, with book

by Ivan Caryll and music by Lionel Monckton.

The story of "A Runaway Girl" concerns Winnifred Grey, a ward of Lord and Lady Coodle and a student at the convent of St. Pierre, who has been having a picnic in the woods with some girl student friends one of whom brings a letter from the Mother Superior stating that Winnifred must leave school immediately and join Lord and Lady Coodle, who have arranged for the young woman to marry Guy Stanley, their nephew. Winnifred, greatly upset by this plan, is charmed by a song of Leonello and Brother Tamarind, two members of a band of gypsy musicians. Winnifred decides to run away from the convent by joining the gypsy band. Lord and Lady Coodle and Guy Stanley, with a party of English tourists, arrive at Ajaccio on their way to the convent. While at the hotel, the band of musicians, including Winnifred disguised as a singing girl, approach the piazza. Guy is immediately attracted to and falls in love with the gypsy girl, causing much consternation amongst the English party, and arousing the jealousy of Leonello, who tells Guy he can talk to her only by becoming a member of the band and upon the payment of a large sum of money. The young Englishman accepts the terms in order to be near the singing girl.

Lady Coodle soon discovers Winnifred's flight from the convent and criticizes Lord Coodle severely for his failure to provide a courier, when Alice, the maid, announces that young man's arrival an hour ago, in the guise of Flipper, an erstwhile jockey. Flipper makes all sorts of blunders in his endeavor to fulfil the duties of a position he had never before experienced and provides much comedy throughout the piece. Winnifred realizes that she is in love with Guy and decides to leave the musicians. The brigands compel Guy and Flipper to sign the bond of the society, although Guy has been unable to secure the money required for his initiation, whereupon he and Winnie decide to escape and, with Flipper, they leave for Venice.

Their arrival there on the night of the water fete is coincident with that of Lord and Lady Coodle, who interfere with their plans to elope. Of course Flipper straightens out everything by revealing the identity of the singing girl, so that Guy and Winnifred are eventually married and everybody is made happy.

The return engagement this week at the Princess of Lillian Russell and her racing play, "Wildfire," has, as was expected, proved a popular attraction. Several changes have been made in the company, but the play seems to furnish as much amusement and entertainment as ever.

J. E. W., SATURDAY NIGHT'S New York correspondent, writes this week:

The theatrical season is drawing rapidly to a close, and only a few of the more emphatic successes remain on the boards. Another week will leave the dramatic field practically in possession of "Paid in Full" and "The Wolf," both by Eugene Walters; Otis Skinner, in "The Honor of the Family"; John Mason, in "The Witching Hour"; and Mr. Henry Miller's phenomenal company in that most phenomenal of all successes, "The Servant in the House," by C. Rann Kennedy. A number of diverting musical comedy offerings remain to provide lighter forms of entertainment, in which category, of course, "The Merry Widow," the reigning success of the year, is not included. Her place is unique, and now that "The Wonderful Genie" has gone she will hold the field unchallenged for many a day.

Francois Coppee, the dean of the French Academy, died in Paris last Saturday. He had been in bad health for a long time and a few months ago had so bad an attack that his life was despaired of.

Francois Coppee, world famous as poet and playwright, was beloved of all Paris and idolized by students of the Quartier. He always lived on the Left Bank, and the students felt that he largely belonged to them as an individual, while all France was proud of the possession

of his genius. He was "Dear Master" everywhere. Never of robust health, he had been ill for years, and a dozen years ago was reported dying. He had done some vigorous work since then, however, but for many months past he had been failing.

Among all his friends probably none will mourn him more than Sarah Bernhardt after a friendship of forty years, for it was in his play "Le Passant," the first which attracted attention to his dramatic genius, that attention was first drawn to her histrionic genius when in 1869 the play was produced at the Odeon. Coppee, however, had written and published prior to that time, his first volume of verse, "Le Reliquaire," having appeared in 1866, when he was 24 years old.

George Bernard Shaw proclaims for his new play, "Getting Married," that it has no plot—"nothing but Shaw talk." Every character is to be a Shaw. Every character is to argue a Shaw point of view. With characteristic modesty the author declares: "I have deliberately written a good play."

Mr. E. H. Sothorn has returned to New York, and this week he plays "Lord Dundreary" again. The famous old role has made a great hit in New York, and The Sun says: It will be a surprise if the old Academy of Music is not packed to the doors at every performance. "If I Were King," will be the bill the second week. The last week will be given to repertoire, including "Don Quixote."

Musings of a Critic's Wife.

I RECALL so well a longing that I had when I was seven, Which, though charged with high ambition, yet had much of faith as heaven; For 'twas then to genius worship that my soul did first succumb, And I longed, oh! how I longed to wed the famous General Thumb.

When they took me to the circus I was going on to eight, And the dazzling bareback rider I considered simply great, As in spangled tights he vaulted nimbly through the atmosphere, Or bowed grandly to the people as they sent him cheer on cheer.

At thirteen to Paderewski my young affections leaned, But when fifteen brought Kyrle Bellew, all other hopes careened; At sweet sixteen I heard the voice that almost broke my heart! 'Twas the De Reszkes—Jean, of course, in "Faust"—that stunning part.

I recall the admiration that assailed me at eighteen For a very gifted artist of a most peculiar mien; But, worship of the highest, to the king of this royal clan, I sacrificed at twenty to a brilliant editor man.

Now I'm married and as merry as sweet marriage bells in June, Nevermore will genius lure me 'neath the limelight nor the moon; For my husband is a critic, and—although he's monstrous bright, Just to show the faults of genius keeps him hustling day and night.

—New York Sun.

HOLIDAYS IN JUNE.

Hotel and boarding house rates in Muskoka for May and June are lower than the regular season rates. June in Muskoka is greener and leafier than anywhere else. The water is soft. The air is soft. There is a balmy, healing feeling about the woods and the lakes. Have you thought of a month of healthgiving rest before the summer tripping and entertaining begins? The Canadian Northern Ontario Railway is the shortest line to the Muskokas. The train meets steamers at Bala Park, from where every point on the lakes can be reached.

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SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE, the eminent organist of Westminster Abbey, gave a lecture on Monday evening at Massey Hall on "Hymn Singing," which was illustrated by a number of representative hymns sung by a combined choir from various city churches. As on the occasion of the lecture in St. James's Cathedral, Sir Frederick's remarks were not always audible. He gave a history of the progress of congregational singing and explained his procedure in compiling the new Methodist hymn book, which he edited. He traced the sources from which many fine old hymn tunes had been derived, and also touched upon several new tunes by contemporary composers. Among the illustrations sung mention may be specially made of Sir Frederick's "The Foe Behind, the Deep Before," and Sullivan's "Lead Kindly Light." Sir Frederick proved himself to be an accomplished master of the organ in solos by Handel and Schumann, although he took the occasion to lament the imperfections of the Massey Hall instrument. The solo vocalist was Mr. Albert Archdeacon, whose really fine baritone voice was heard to advantage in Allister's "The Lord is my Light," and Handel's "The Trumpet Shall Sound." Mr. Blakeley played efficiently the accompaniments to the hymns.

Miss Grace Hastings, the talented solo violinist of Brantford, gave a recital in the Conservatory Music Hall on Thursday evening before a sympathetic audience. Miss Hastings made a most favorable impression by virtue of her warm, rich singing tone, and a facile technique, displayed in such compositions as Vieuxtemps' "Ballade and Polonaise," and Wieniawski's "Legende." She was ably assisted by Mr. R. S. Pigott, solo baritone, and Mr. A. F. Reilly, accompanist.

The Imperial Opera Co., at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, are giving this week enjoyable performances of the musical comedy, "A Country Girl." For next week they announce the popular "Runaway Girl," and they may find some other girl for the week following.

Emerson James, whose songs, "When We're Together" and "The Songs the Angels Sing," have attained such world-wide popularity, was born in London, England, within a short distance of Westminster Abbey. As a boy he sang in the before mentioned Abbey and in St. Paul's Cathedral. His genius for music was so apparent that while yet in his teens he was sent to study with C. H. Hemans, a brother of the well-known authoress of the poem, "The Better Land." He afterwards pursued his studies at Berlin, Leipzig, Dresden and Paris, and it was after his return from the French capital that he attracted the attention of the late Charles Gounod, with the result that he was one of the only two pupils Charles Gounod had under his care. The faculty that Emerson James displays in his songs, the faculty of writing broad and well defined melodies, is easily attributable to the influence of the great Frenchman—for it was with Gounod that Emerson James acquired the art of writing for the voice. In private life Emerson James is known as Charles Rawlings.

A recital was given by the pupils of F. H. Torrington, Mus. Doc., on Saturday afternoon, May 23, in the hall of the Toronto College of Music. The piano numbers were as follows: Chopin, Polonaise in C sharp minor; Mendelssohn, Rondo Capriccio—Isabel Wingate; Dohler, Study in A flat; Schumann, Aufschwung, Cecelia Riddell; Chopin, Berceuse in D flat, Lillian Haggerty; Beethoven, Sonata, Op. 2, No. 3, Ethel Sharpe. The vocal numbers were: Pinsuti, "Peace, Troubled Heart," Edith Martin; Saint-Saens, "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," Deborah Caldwell; Donizetti, "O mio Fernando," Mrs. Kemper; Handel, "Come Unto Him," Haydn, "My Mother Bids me Bind my Hair," Handel, "I Know That my Redeemer Liveth," Olive Casey; Rossini, "Una Voce Poca Fa," Mrs. Kemper.

Henry A. Ashmead, of this city, writes as follows: "Every citizen of Toronto must feel proud of such a magnificent hall as the Massey, but I must say pride in my case was mingled with sorrow and cha-

grin when I saw Sir Frederick Bridge, the premier organist of the musical world, sit down at the apology for an organ at the Massey Hall and give two selections; it certainly needed all his well known good nature to pass the affair off as a joke. Things are generally done by halves in Toronto, whether it is a viaduct or a music hall. I believe an offer was made some time ago by the Massey Hall management to furnish an up-to-date organ in consideration of certain remission of taxes. In a case of this kind the loss to the city would have been made up many times over, by the increased facilities it would give to eminent organists and choirs to visit Toronto. We are to have a visit from the celebrated Sheffield choir in November. Is it too late even yet to interest public opinion in the matter? Anyone who has ever heard the magnificent organs and massed bands at the Royal Albert Hall or Crystal Palace in England, cannot but regret that we have not in this, our only concert hall, an instrument worthy of accompanying the many splendid choirs, which have lately sprung up in our midst."

The excellent results of another season's work with Dr. F. H. Torrington were unmistakably proved by his vocal pupil, Eveline Ashworth, who gave a most enjoyable recital in the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression, on Thursday evening, the 21st inst. Miss Ashworth has a soprano voice of much sweetness, which, taken together with an unusually clear enunciation, and her natural charm, bid fair for her future success as one of Toronto's foremost singers. The fervor with which she sang the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria" to a 'cello obligato was greatly appreciated by the large audience who recalled her, and "Gayly Chant the Summer Birds," with its pretty runs and quaint little turns was one of the most successful numbers. Miss Ashworth was assisted by Miss Constance Veitch, 'cellist, Miss M. Topley Thomas, reader, and Albert Perrins, tenor, pupil of Dr. Torrington. The programme was as follows: Handel, Rejoice Greatly, I Know That my Redeemer Liveth; Beethoven, Adelaide; Donizetti, recit, A Tardai Troppo, Aria, O Luce di quest'anima (Linda di Chamounix); Saint-Saens, Le Cygne; Raff, La Fileuse, 'cello; Mendelssohn, My Song Shall be Always Thy Mercy, duet; Van der Stucken, The Sweetest Flower That Blooms; Spohr, Rose Softly Blooming; De Pinna, Gaily Chant the Summer Birds; Wagner, Walter's Prize Song (Meistersingers); Wagner, Elizabeth's Prayer (Tannhauser); Bach-Gounod, Ave Maria; Venzano, Grand Waltz Song; Wallace, O Maritana (Maritana). Miss Ashworth is to be congratulated on her recent appointment as soprano soloist to the Sherbourne street Methodist church.

The Misses Viola Chaplin, Elsinore C. Burns, Marion Bilton, Gertrude Thompson, Lucille Couch, Julia Pringle, Constance Martin, A. T.C.M., Helen M. A. Strong, F.T.C.M., and Mr. Robert J. Coughlan distinguished themselves as being most creditable to their most capable instructor, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, at another recital in the Conservatory Music Hall on Saturday evening last, before a large audience of musical people, who showed their appreciation of the excellent piano playing by spontaneous outbursts of applause after each number. A representative programme was presented, including compositions by Chopin, Rachmaninoff, Liszt, Schumann, Paderewski, Hollaender and Leschetizky. Miss Gladys Marshall, of Hamilton, a pupil of Miss Shepherd, gave much pleasure to the audience by the singing of two groups of songs in excellent style.

Those who were fortunate enough to be present at "The Hour of Music" in Dunn Avenue Presbyterian church last Saturday afternoon, listened to a great treat. Mr. W. H. Dingle, the organist of the church, presided at the organ, and gave several fine selections on the magnificent instrument which has lately been installed. The overture to "Tannhauser" was especially well received. Mr. Ernest Johnson, late of London and Brussels, gave two fine violin solos with splendid tone. Mr. Johnson has probably the distinction of being the youngest man to carry off the degree of L.R.C.M. Miss Wilhelmina Graham (soprano) of the First Methodist church, St.

Thomas, sang two solos in a charming manner, "I Will Extol Thee," (Naaman) and "Angels' Serenade." Miss Graham possesses a clear soprano voice with good timbre and sympathetic expression.

The veteran London critic, Joseph Bennett, is very blue because some writers of the time do not burn incense to Mendelssohn, and even cry "Stop thief" to Handel, and refuse to place him on a level with Bach. He asks, in what he says is the most serious mood possible to him, "What is the real meaning of such persistent attacks upon the masters and music of the past? Nothing analogous can be found in the records of other arts. These show, no doubt, that in the story of painting, architecture, and poetry, there have been clashing of styles, and what not that is purely formal rather than fundamental, but in our art we see, at the present time, a war of annihilation directed against nearly all distinctive music earlier than the day before yesterday. It is nearly all old-fashioned, conventional, played out, and so on. The genius of the age, the doubly distilled essence of true art is to be found in the music of to-day."

Concerning the successor of Sir Hubert Parry in the Professorship of Music at Oxford University, the London Telegraph says:

Sir Walter Parratt's musical tastes may be described as eclectic, though his idol, there can be little doubt, is Bach, whose immortal "Forty-eight" he was able to play from memory at the age of ten. He has given many interesting proofs of his powers of memorizing, and hardly less remarkable have been some of his feats in transposing. On one occasion, while at Oxford, he transposed Wesley's "Wilderness" all through, for the sake of a new chorister who was called upon as soloist in an emergency, and afterwards he confessed that the situation had been somewhat embarrassing, "as he had no copy of the anthem in the organ-loft." Sir Walter's favorite recreation is chess, and, indeed, he once publicly owned that next to winning at that game his highest pleasure was in losing at it. On the lighter side not a few pleasant anecdotes could be recalled in the career of this distinguished and highly-esteemed musician. It is certain that he must lead gaily to having once perpetrated a pun. A postcard he wrote to a friend in red ink contained this sentence: "You see I have the pen of a red dy writer."

Sir Frederick Bridge was once driven home after a London concert by a cabman who asked: "Why did you take the Hallelujah Chorus so fast at Albert Hall last week Sir Frederick?" The musician duly set forth his reasons, whereupon he was asked by the cabman whether he would perform Puccini's "Transfiguration" at one of the Choral Society's concerts, and was offered the loan of a copy of the score to glance through.

The Italian publisher Ricordi three years ago offered a prize of \$2,500 for the best English opera. It has now been awarded to Dr. E. W. Naylor for a score entitled "The Angelus." Dr. Naylor is instructor and organist at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. The number of manuscripts submitted to Ricordi was 191.

Having read the story of Ysaye's stolen "Strad," supposed to be worth \$35,000—or was it \$350,000?—a correspondent writes to the London Telegraph that "It seems time that the critics were selected for some distinguishing mark of favor. Prima donnas' jewels, violinists' instruments and pianists themselves disappear, but no one despoils the critic, unless surreptitiously, in pseudonymous letters to the press. Can it not be arranged by a group of disappointed musicians that one of the critics be made to disappear, or that his fountain pen be purloined, or his vocabulary of adjectives stolen, or his 'dictionary of synonyms' destroyed?"

Half a century ago the London newspapers printed musical criticisms only once a week, when a sort of feuilleton was offered to the readers. Eighty years ago they had a still easier time of it, according to the Musical World. When Mendelssohn made his first appearance in London, on May 25, 1829, conducting his C minor symphony at a Philharmonic concert, one of the leading journals did not refer to that event till sixteen days later. In describing the rehearsal for that concert, Mendelssohn wrote:

I mounted the orchestra and pulled out my white stick, which I have had made on purpose (the maker took me for an alderman, and would insist on decorating it with a crown). The first violin, Francois Cramer, showed

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ed me how the orchestra was placed, and introduced me to them all, and we bowed to each other; some, perhaps, laughed a little, that this small fellow with the stick should now take the place of their regular powdered and bewigged conductor.

A concert of unpublished Grieg music was given at Copenhagen the other day by the German pianist, Julius Roentgen, an intimate friend of Grieg, and other artists. Particularly interesting was a quartette for string instruments, of which the allegro and scherzo, the only parts finished, were given. The critics agreed that here was a composition without which the musical physiognomy of the late Norwegian would lack an important trait. Probably goaded by the assertion often made, particularly in Germany, that Grieg could not write in the "strict" or "orthodox" style, he has here composed a piece of chamber music (this refers particularly to the allegro) as correct and learned as if fashioned by a committee of seven German professors. Yet it is Grieg through and through. The scherzo is a sort of "Troll's frolic" which set the audience wild and had to be repeated.

Besides, there was a fragment of a trio for strings, of a beautiful *marche junebre* character, some piano pieces of which again a weird, troll-like dance pleased particularly, and nine songs, covering all the periods of Grieg's artistic life. They are said to be very fine, and, besides, to illustrate the severe criticism which Grieg subjected his own works to, inasmuch as several of them were many years old and thus must have remained unpublished solely because the composer did not consider them quite up to his usual level.

Who is the greatest musician in Italy to-day? According to the eminent German critic, Paul Marsop, who is as much at home in Milan as in Munich, Arturo Toscanini, who is to be conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, next season, is that person. "There is no one," he says, "who could begin to fill his place. He is an artistic educator of the first rank. If Italy has been obliged, since Verdi's death, to get along with composers of mere talent, it can boast of having in Toscanini at any rate a conductor who now and then emits sparks of genius. He is one of those rare individuals who unite recreative power with energy and the organizing faculty. Intuitively he became as closely associated with the Wagnerian tendencies as one of the Latin temperament can well be. Mightily moved by this spirit, he began his work as a reformer. He is a sort of southern, brunet Hans von Bulow. Fiery, nervous, as excitable as a woman, inexorably strict toward himself as well as toward others, a flash in his eye, an imprecation on his tongue, he translates what in a German conductor would be called conscientiousness into fanaticism."

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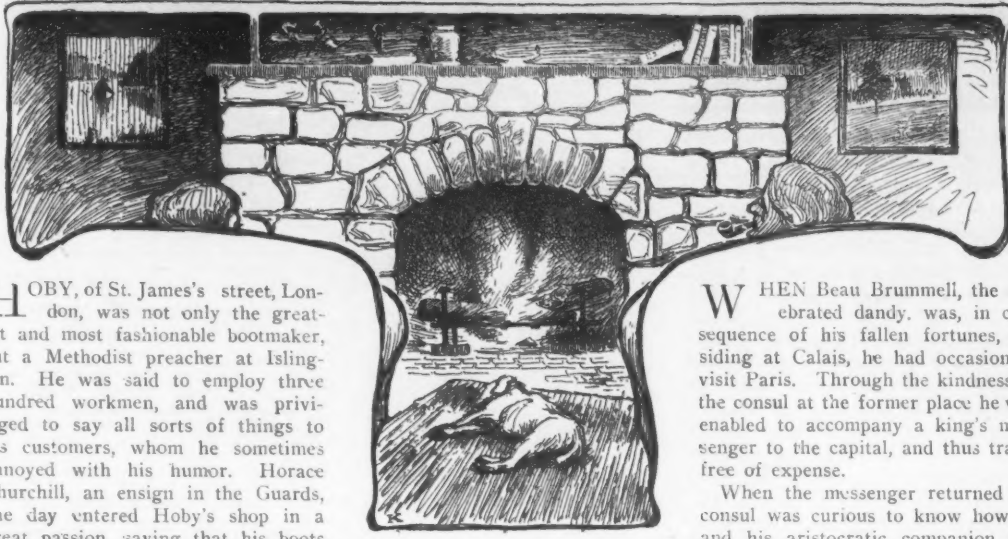
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A NECDOTAL



H OBY, of St. James's street, London, was not only the greatest and most fashionable bootmaker, but a Methodist preacher at Islington. He was said to employ three hundred workmen, and was privileged to say all sorts of things to his customers, whom he sometimes annoyed with his humor. Horace Churchill, an ensign in the Guards, one day entered Hoby's shop in a great passion, saying that his boots were so ill-made that he should never employ Hoby for the future. Hoby gravely called to his shopman: "John, close the shutters. It is all over with us. I must shut up shop. Ensign Churchill withdraws his custom from me."

Calling on the Duke of Kent to try on some boots, the news arrived of Lord Wellington's great victory over the French army at Vittoria. The Duke was kind enough to mention the glorious news to Hoby, who coolly said:

"If Lord Wellington had had any other bootmaker than myself, he would never have had his great and constant successes; for my boots and prayers bring his lordship out of all his difficulties."

He was bootmaker to the Duke of Wellington from his boyhood, and received innumerable orders in the Duke's handwriting, both from the Peninsula and France, which he always preserved.

On one occasion the late Sir John Shelley came into Hoby's shop to complain that his top-boots had split in several places. Hoby quietly said: "How did that happen, Sir John?" "Why, in walking to my stables." "Walking to your stables?" said Hoby, with a sneer; "I made the boots for riding, not walking."

A SEVEN year old boy in Toronto who does some precocious thinking solemnly sat looking at his mother after her return from mass on a recent Sunday morning. Finally he spoke.

"Mother," he asked, "do you expect to go to heaven when you die?" "Why, yes, child," replied his mother, "that certainly is my hope."

"Well," he said presently, "you know father says the unexpected often happens."

G O DOWSKY, the great pianist, who has been making a sensation by his playing in London, recently, is a Pole, but he has lived many years in America, where he was director of the Chicago Conservatoire.

He is very proud of a charming little daughter, of whom this delightful story is told. Once she was asked by her mother: "Why do you pack away your toys so carefully?" "I am going to save them for my children," answered the little girl. "But suppose you should never have any children?" continued Mrs. Godowsky.

"Oh, then I'll give them to my grandchildren," was the unexpected reply.

A CITY man, while visiting a friend's place in the country, became much interested in his experiments in fruit culture.

One day the visitor was making the rounds of the place, being in charge of the friend's young daughter of ten, who acted as guide.

"This tree seems to be loaded with apples," observed the city man, indicating a particularly fine specimen.

"Yes, sir," assented the little girl; "father says this is a good year for apples."

"I am glad to hear that," said the visitor. "Are all your trees as full of apples as this one?"

"No, sir," explained the girl, "only the apple trees."

A BISHOP—one of Mr. G. W. E. Russell's bishops—was once rebuking a curate for his addiction to fox-hunting. The bishop argued that it had a worldly appearance. (The curate replied that it was not a bit more worldly than a ball at Blenheim at which the bishop had been present. The bishop explained that he was staying in the house, but was never within three rooms of dancing.

"Oh! if it comes to that," replied the curate. "I am never within three fields of the hounds!"

EDWARD RICE relates that when Herr von Bulow was in Boston, Napier Lowthion, musical director at the Boston Theatre, introduced him, saying:

"Herr von Bulow, this is Mr. Rice, a Boston man, who knows nothing about music whatever, but who has written two operas."

"So?" said von Bulow, interrogatively. "Ve haf also in Europe a shentleman vat knows nothing about moosic, and hav written already plenty operas—Meestor Verdi."

D R. W. G. GRACE is "still running," although he will be sixty next July. The indomitable cricketer recently scored 25 out of 41 in half an hour in the Surrey v. Gentlemen of England match. It was on the scene of this exploit, the Oval, that the champion forty-two years ago made his initial excursion into three figures on the occasion of a first-class match—his exact score for England against Surrey being 224 not out.

It is rather surprising, says London P.T.O., that nothing has been said as yet about specially celebrating the sixtieth birthday of the grand old cricketer. The superb constitution of the man provides an eloquent testimony to the beneficial effects of the king of games. Think of playing first-class cricket for forty years and still able to give many of the younger generation a good start and a beating! How, has he done it? Cricketers may be interested to have the veteran's prescription as to "how it was done." He says: "I was early taught to keep my wicket up, never to hit recklessly, always to play good-length balls with force, and, if possible, away from the fielders." Simple indeed—yet a counsel of perfection.

During his long career "W. G." has had many amusing experiences. One day, while watching two little boys playing cricket on a common, he ventured to intervene. "Don't you see, my little man," said he to one of them, "that your wickets are too wide apart? The ball goes through them." "Garn!" was the youngster's reply. "What do you know about cricket?"

T HE celebrated French physician, Ricord, was one day walking along the boulevards in Paris, when he met an old gentleman who was very rich, but who was at the same time noted for his extreme stinginess. The old man, who was somewhat of a hypochondriac, imagined that he could get some medical advice from Ricord without paying for it.

"Doctor, I am feeling very poorly," said he.

"Where do you suffer most?"

"In my stomach, doctor."

"Ah, that's bad. Please shut your eyes. That's right. Now put out your tongue, so that I can examine it closely."

The invalid did as he was told. After he had waited patiently for about ten minutes, he opened his eyes and found himself surrounded by a crowd, who supposed that he was a crazy. Dr. Ricord, in the meantime, had disappeared.

A LITTLE pecuniary transaction had taken place between Jimmie and his grandfather. "You might just as well give the other nickel," Jimmie said. "Minnie'll only waste it. She puts her money in the bank right away. I buy things with mine."

I T was the day of the ball game, and Willie, the office boy, approached the head of the firm, and stammered. "If y-you p-p-pl-please, sir—"

"Come, hurry up!" said his employer, "If you have anything to say, say it. Don't take half a day."

"But that's just what I was going to ask you if I could take," said Willie.

W HEN Beau Brummell, the celebrated dandy, was, in consequence of his fallen fortunes, residing at Calais, he had occasion to visit Paris. Through the kindness of the consul at the former place he was enabled to accompany a king's messenger to the capital, and thus travel free of expense.

When the messenger returned the consul was curious to know how he and his aristocratic companion had fraternized upon the road.

"What kind of a travelling companion did you find Mr. Brummell?" asked he.

"Oh, a very pleasant one, indeed, sir; very pleasant," replied the messenger.

"Ah! And what did he say?"

"Say, sir Nothing! He slept the whole way."

"Slept the whole way! Do you call that being pleasant? Perhaps he snored!"

The messenger acknowledged that Brummell did so, but immediately, as if fearful of casting an improper reflection upon so great a personage, he added, with great gravity: "Yet I can assure you, sir, Mr. Brummell snored very much like a gentleman!"

A REPUTABLE New Yorker, recently returned from Chicago, says that the saddest thing he saw in that metropolis was a fine, roomy, old-fashioned house facing the lake front on Clark street. Over the broad front door in tall gold letters is the inscription, "Optimists' Club." Equally prominent is the display of placards marked "To Let"—a sad sign of the times.

L ITTLE Clarence had the experience for the first time of taking his bath in a cold room with water not at the usual temperature. His mamma left him for a moment while he looked aghast at the "goose flesh" that appeared.

"Hurry up, mamma," he called. "I'm turning into a chicken."

A TINY four-year-old was spending a night away from home. At bedtime she knelt at the knee of her hostess to say her prayers, expecting the usual prompting.

Finding Mrs. B. unable to help her out, she concluded thus:

"Please, God, 'scuse me. I can't remember my prayers, and I'm staying with a lady who don't know any."

A SPLENETIC Englishman once said to a Scotchman, something of a wag, that no man of taste would think of remaining any time in such a country as Scotland. To which the canny Scot replied:

"Tastes differ; I've tak' ye to a place, no far frae Stirling, whaur thretty thousand of your countrymen ha' been for five hundred years, an' they've nae thocht o' leavin' yet."

"W HAT your husband doesn't know about race horses," said the friend of the family, "isn't worth knowing!"

"Yes," answered young Mrs. Torkins; "and what he does know about them isn't worth knowing, either."

"W E should give these men the treatment they give us," said an English suffragette at a ladies' luncheon.

"I know a woman in Park lane whose husband used to stay out continually till five or six o'clock in the morning. She cured him. The last time he came home at dawn he found her in a low-cut dinner gown, yawning over a novel and a cup of tea."

"I didn't—er—suppose you'd sit up for me, dear," he said.

"Oh," said she, "I haven't been sitting up for you, dear. I've just come in myself."

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Deborah had been invited to take luncheon at a restaurant with Miss K.

"Do you like cocoa?" she was asked.

When the answer was "Yes," the beverage was duly brought, but remained untasted.

At last Miss K. said, "Why don't you drink your cocoa, Deborah, when you said you wanted it?"

"I didn't say I wanted it," replied the child politely; "I only said that I liked it."

Your Spring troubles will all end in smoke if you keep yourself well and strong by eating

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Laugh at the clerk who tries to sell you something "just as good."

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE very sad news flashed by the cable on Sunday night telling of the sudden death of Mrs. Charles Selwyn, of heart failure, was a great shock to her legion of friends in Canada, particularly in Toronto, where Mrs. Selwyn was born, and where she is held in such esteem and affection. Mrs. Walter S. Lee had only left her daughter about a fortnight before, and was with her son Alfred in Markham street before settling down again in Toronto. Mrs. Selwyn has not been well for some time, and was down in Devon for change of air when she was taken ill. Her husband brought her up to London and her death occurred very shortly after. Mrs. Lee and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Alfred Lee, left by the Majestic this week to be with Major Selwyn and his two little daughters, Aileen and Marjorie, until some arrangements are made for their future care. The blow has been severe to all Mrs. Selwyn's family, and the most sincere sympathy is everywhere expressed with them in their sorrow.

One of the gentlemen of the old school was Mr. Allen McLean Howard, whose death occurred at his home in Jameson avenue on Friday, May 22, last. Mr. McLean Howard formerly resided in Carlton street, next St. Peter's church, and was intimately identified with church work, at which he was an invaluable aid for a great many years. His official position in legal circles had been held by him for an immense time. Mr. Howard's aged and cherished wife, two daughters and three sons, Mr. Allen McLean Howard of Toronto, Inspector Howard of the Mounted Police, whose grand work has been recently commented upon, and Rev. Scott Howard, a popular and earnest Anglican clergyman, survive him.

The city has been full of strangers for the May races. Prominent among our visitors have been Mr. and Mrs. Colin Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. George Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Corby, Colonel Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Beck, Mr. and Mrs. George Gibbons, Judge Finkle, Mr. and Mrs. W. Northrup, Mr. James Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ross, Mrs. Crosshwaite, Mr. and Mrs. Crossan, Mrs. D. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Hope, all of whom attended on the earlier days of the fortnight's racing. Each day more are added, and the fun has gone on increasing. The opening day was a record-breaker for attendance, time made in the King's Plate race, and beauty of earth and sky. Monday was even better, so far as climatic conditions went, the sudden heat of Saturday being tempered by a delightful breeze from the east. Tuesday rain threatened to spoil the afternoon, but by the time the first race was called, everything was lovely. The visitors from the other side who have been out at the Woodbine this week, saw no signs of the "hard times" to the south, and were loud in their praise of Toronto races. A great many generous hosts have guests, whom they are entertaining with much joy and gladness. Dinners are going on by the dozen every night. On opening day the Hunt Club was crowded at dinner hour, and many who were unable to secure tables, dined at the city restaurants or the big hotels on that and Monday nights. Their Excellencies and their entourage arrived in due State at the races on Saturday and Monday, and made an impressive *entree*, the four horses and their postillions with powdered hair and quaint liveries and the enthusiasm of the admiring crowds making the arrival very *ellegant*. His Excellency has charmed everyone by the hearty interest he takes both in the horse race and the human race, and his cordial friendly greeting has pleased many a good sportsman and modish dame. Her Excellency takes things more quietly, and remains in the Vice-regal box, except when she is enjoying the first cup of tea, so daintily served in the private tea-room, where Mrs. Fraser is as usual the sweetest of hostesses, and the bonnie daughter-in-law of the President, Mrs. Eddie Seagram, and the wives or daughters of the directors, have nothing to learn of pleasant welcome and hospitality to their guests. Mrs. D. W. Alexander has been untiring in her *petit-soins* in this respect, and more than once I heard people saying how very good a hostess she is. She has been wearing some beautiful gowns, her perfect figure showing them to perfection. Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones have fortunately sufficiently recovered from their accident to attend the races. The former looks none the worse for the severe shock, but the latter was evidently taking care of herself and keeping quiet in the Senator's loge most of the time. On Saturday Her Excellency wore black over white, and on Monday a very lovely white dress of finest net embroidered in filloes. Lady Sybil Grey, with her lovely English complexion and sweet friendly smile, looked very nice on Saturday in a turquoise chiffon frock and boa and a hat with blue and white shaded plumes. On Monday she wore white *en princesse* with folded Dresden ribbons on the bodice, a lovely pink necklet, and a wide hat with pink roses. Mrs. and Miss Hanbury-Williams are of the Vice-regal party, and the dainty mother and her sweet young daughter, a *debutante* of last season, are always beautifully dressed. People who have a weakness for young girls are saying very nice things about Miss Hanbury-Williams. On Saturday Lady Clark did not attend the races, as there was a State dinner on at Government House that evening, but His Honor was accompanied by Miss Mortimer Clark, very smartly gowned in white with white hat garlanded with white lilacs. The flowers presented on opening day to Her Excellency by Miss Melvin-Jones, for the Jockey Club, were exquisite, and toned in mauve and white, in accord with the half mourning still worn by Lady Grey for her sister, Lady Morley. Lady Clark attended with His Honor on Monday, their younger daughter accompanying them. Her ladyship was handsomely gowned in a mole colored cloth dress and cape and small bonnet, and Miss Elise was in white. Among the hundreds of smart frocks, those worn by the bride, Mrs. John Cruso, were *facile princeps*, and others much admired were Mrs. Tom Clark's mouse-grey chiffon-satin trained gown and quaint wide-sleeved coat; and another very smart grey gown, more diaphanous in fabric, perfectly worn by Mrs. C. D. Warren. Each day Mrs. P. C. Larkin wore a prettier and more elegant gown than the last. Mrs. Haas' white Jap embroidered dress was perfectly charming, and a bright pink Rajah touched with white was the prettiest of Miss Grace Cawthra's dainty costumes. Miss Melvin-Jones, though a little pale, was most becomingly gowned on opening day in very pale blue. A handsome gown and a handsome wearer was the verdict as Mrs. Henri Suydam came on the lawn on Monday, the hat and dress of delicate mauve, and a lovely amethyst necklet. Mrs. Jack Murray brought her new daughter-in-law, who is a pretty fair-haired bride, beautifully gowned. An out-of-town girl, who attracted many approving glances, was Miss Jean Fraser of Stratford, whose slight graceful figure set off her heavy white lace

Princess robe, worn with a jaunty little mauve and white hat and veil. An always well-dressed woman is Mrs. J. Gordon Macdonald, whose delicate grey voile was perfectly worn on Saturday and most becoming. One of "the" gowns was Mrs. Arnold Ivy's white chiffon with hand-painted purple and mauve flowers, and large crowned hat massed with eminence ostrich plumes. Lillian Russell, in quiet black dress and hat, was much interested in the good gees. Playing "Wildfire" seven times a week does not stale her love of a good horse. Bright little Mrs. Sands of Chicago was with Mrs. Jack Drynan, and always looked as smart and pretty as possible. Miss Hess, Mrs. Bristol's popular and handsome friend, is with her for the races, and wore a white suit. Mrs. Eddie Seagram wore each day a pretty new gown; on Monday a fetching little coat of eyelet needlework was the finishing touch to her blue gown. Mrs. Jack Ross of Montreal was a picture in her dainty French-looking costumes, Senator and Mrs. Kerr of Rathnelly, with their fair daughters in girlish and dainty frocks. Mr. E. B. Osler and his daughters and their husbands were another delightful family party. Lovely as a spring flower was Mrs. Adam Beck in a white primrose gown and a happy smile when Photographer won. Colonel and Mrs. Williams, Major and Mrs. Carpenter, Major and Mrs. Elmsley, Captain and Mrs. Van Straubenzee, Captain and Mrs. Burnham, Captain and Mrs. Douglas Young, and Mr. and Mrs. Walker Bell were a very smart contingent from the military set. General Cotton and Colonel Septimus Denison, who are *en garcon* just now, were having a very good time. Mrs. Mulock Boulton was at the races both Saturday and Monday, quietly and trimly gowned in tailored suits. Miss Gladys Murton of Oshawa came with Mrs. Clinch. Mr. and Mrs. Mann, who have a houseful of guests at Scarborough, brought their friends to the lawn in motors. A couple of fine men from New York were of the party, Mrs. Crosshwaite (*nee* Williams) and Mrs. McGregor Young, Mrs. Mann's sisters, with Professor Young, also. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Riddell and Mr. and Mrs. Crossen were interested spectators of the races, the ladies gowned to perfection. Mrs. Colin Campbell was greeted with pleasure by her Toronto friends, and Mrs. George Cook seemed as glad to be here as we all are to have her. Mr. and Mrs. W. Northrup were the happiest looking couple on the lawn, the latter in very beautiful gowns of black and white and most becoming hats. Scores of Toronto's prettiest girls, mostly in simple mousseline *lingerie* or Rajah frocks, and a bewildering bevy of dashing matrons, in gowns that combined to make a *parterre* hard to excel, graced the banner meet of the O.J.C. on its opening.

Mrs. Ross, of Huntley street, left at mid-week for a fortnight with relatives in New York.

On Monday Dr. and Mrs. Vogt entertained Sir Frederick Bridge at luncheon, half a dozen friends being asked to meet the genial musician. It was a very jolly gathering, and Sir Frederick made it quite evident that the Canadian West has deeply impressed him. He left with his daughter on Tuesday morning for Ottawa and Quebec, whence he sails shortly by one of the Empresses for England.

Mrs. Prescott gave a luncheon on the same day for Miss Bridge. The Prescotts have received great kindness from Sir Frederick Bridge in London, and were very much pleased to show all possible attention to his daughter during her short stay in Toronto.

One of the most enjoyable features of the O. J. C. Meet to the privileged is the Directors' tearoom, where that dear little lady, Mrs. Fraser, welcomes the ladies invited to enjoy its cosy and pretty quarters and the very excellent tea so nicely served. On each afternoon the guests all waited the coming of Her Excellency to accept the first cup of tea from Mrs. Fraser, and the Governor-General joined in the tea drinking with his happy *bon homie* of manner, and chatted with such of the ladies as were near him. On Monday Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Eddie Seagram, Mrs. H. C. Osborne, Mrs. Hal Osler, who was with Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, Mrs. D. W. Alexander, Mrs. Beardmore, Mrs. Cook and several others had tea at the same time as the Vice-regal party. Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark and Miss Elise Clark were also asked to honor the tearoom at that hour.

On Monday, the anniversary of their wedding, Sir William and Lady Mulock motored out to their country place at Newmarket for luncheon. Later in the day Lady Mulock attended the races with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Hunter. The turnout of motors at the Woodbine is the convincing proof of how very popular the new vehicle has become in Toronto since a very few seasons back, when three or four motors were all to be seen there. The benzine buggies, as an orator called them recently, are now the rule and the carriage and pair the exception.

Many good wishes greeted Sir Mortimer Clark on his birthday last Sunday, an anniversary which, His Honor quaintly remarks, is getting far too frequent.

Mrs. J. E. Elliott was at last able to tear herself away from her friends in the South, where she has prolonged her visit and had a joyous time. Mrs. Elliott attended the races with a charming friend, Mrs. Blossom.

This is the way one householder won out at the races: Before leaving home he touched the new baby's nose for luck, then finding a horse with a name like his second best baby's pet name, he put his pile on it. The horse came home first all right. Then this man chose another racer with the same name as his small daughter, again staked his pile and won out nicely! The mere single bachelor doesn't seem to be in it much.

One of the very smart girls at the races on Saturday was Miss Enid Hendrie, of Hamilton, in a white silk gown with graded black spots. A sweet little debutante was Miss Braithwaite, who recently returned from school in England. Another bright-eyed young girl was Miss Vivien Boulton, who came with Mrs. James Elmsley and Miss Gertrude Elmsley.

Mrs. Warrington, who recently returned from a long visit in Europe, was at the races in stylish gowns. Mrs. Parkyn Murray, her daughter, has recently had quite a serious operation on her ear, but is now convalescing nicely.

"Time flies ever onward" but it never gains a fractional part of a second on an

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WE are getting along famously with our new store, and it looks as though we would be ready for the opening about June 1st.

You know we are selling everything in the meantime at price-reductions, which is making a real object. This is the only sale we have held for ten years, so it is a genuine one for a genuine reason, and with genuine goods.

You will be well advised if you will come in and look around.

You Will See Many Dainty Things

you would be the better of—and the sale is nearly over. No restrictions upon choice. Everything in stock upon special sale.

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Is no reason why you should not accomplish other things at the same time while you're in Toronto. For instance, a Turkish bath at Cook's; what a luxury. It is something you cannot get at home; in fact, there are few places on the Continent where you will find anything so fine in the way of Turkish Bath appointments as we offer our patrons. Build up your system, clear out the pores, rejuvenate your spirits by spending a night at

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Imperial Bank of Canada SOCIETY

Proceedings of the Thirty-third Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders, Held at the Banking House of the Institution, in Toronto, on Wednesday, 27th May, 1908.

The Thirty-third Annual General Meeting of the Imperial Bank of Canada was held in pursuance of the terms of the charter at the Banking House of the Institution, 27th May, 1908.

The chair was taken by the President, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, and the Assistant General Manager, Mr. E. Hay, was requested to act as Secretary.

The Assistant General Manager, at the request of the Chairman, read the Report of the Directors and the Statement of Affairs.

THE REPORT.

The Directors have pleasure in submitting to the Shareholders their Thirty-third Annual Report and Balance Sheet of the Affairs of the Bank as on 30th April, 1908, together with the result of the operations of the Bank for the year which ended on that day.

The net profits of the year, after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, for interest on unmatured bills under discount, for the usual contributions to the Pension and Guarantee Funds, and also for the Special contribution to the Pension Fund of \$25,000, authorized under by-law No. 28, and for the payment of all Provincial and other taxes, amounted to \$721,175.07, which has been applied as follows:—

(a) Dividends have been paid at the rate of 11 per cent. per annum, amounting to	\$535,524 21
(b) Bank Premises and Furniture Account has been credited with	36,052 55
(c) A special fund has been set aside and applied in writing down the Bank's investments	100,000 00
(d) Profit and Loss Account has been increased by	49,598 31
The Premium, amounting to \$191,809.06, received on an equal amount of New Capital Stock has been credited to Rest Account, which now amounts to \$4,965,757.50.	

Branches of the Bank have been opened during the year at the corner of Bloor Street and Lansdowne Avenue (Toronto), at the corner of King Street and Sherbourne Street (Toronto), and also at Port Arthur, Marshville, Port Robinson, Cottam, Amherstburg, South Woodville, Harrow, Niagara-on-the-lake, St. Davids and Thessalon, all in the Province of Ontario.

The Head Office and Branches of the Bank have all been carefully inspected during the year, and your Directors have again much pleasure in bearing testimony to the faithful and efficient manner in which the Staff have performed their duties.

The whole respectfully submitted.

D. R. WILKIE, President.

30th April, 1908.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Dividends Nos. 68, 69, 70 and 71, paid quarterly, for year ended 30th April, 1908, at 11% per annum	\$535,524 21	Balance at credit of account 30th April, 1907, brought forward	\$426,316 31
Transferred to Rest Account	191,809 06	Profits for the twelve months ended 30th April, 1908, after deducting charges of management and interest due depositors, and after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, and for rebate on bills under discount	721,175 07
Written off Bank Premises and Furniture Account	36,052 55	Premium received on new Capital Stock	191,809 06
Special appropriation applied in writing down Bank's investments	100,000 00		
Balance of account carried forward	475,914 62		
			\$1,339,300 44

REST ACCOUNT.

Balance at Credit of Account 30th April, 1907	\$4,773,948 44
Premium received on new Capital Stock	191,809 06
	\$4,965,757 50

LIABILITIES

Notes of the Bank in circulation	\$2,907,042 00
Deposits not bearing interest	\$5,958,467 43
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date)	24,191,658 14
Deposits by other Banks in Canada	30,150,125 57
	123,641 32
Total liabilities to the public	\$33,180,808 89
Capital Stock (paid-up)	4,965,757 50
Rest Account	\$4,965,757 50
Dividend No. 71 (payable 1st May, 1908), for three months, at the rate of 11% per annum	135,460 98
Rebate on bills discounted	80,496 13
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward	475,914 62
	5,657,629 23
	\$43,804,195 62

ASSETS

Gold and Silver Coin	\$1,111,575 27
Dominion Government Notes	5,999,586 00
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of note circulation	189,621 89
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks	1,368,555 38
Loans to other Banks in Canada, secured, including bills discounted	651,185 74
Balance due from other Banks in Canada	453,905 82
Balance due from Agents in the United Kingdom	317,387 43
Balance due from Agents in Foreign Countries	1,545,371 24
	\$11,637,188 77
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities	\$534,618 07
Loans to Provincial Governments	915,843 73
Canadian Municipal Securities and British or Foreign or Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian	1,604,558 89
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	673,074 83
Call and Short Loans on Stocks and Bonds in Canada	3,356,607 90
	\$18,721,892 19
Other Current Loans, Discounts and Advances	23,862,812 60
Overdue debts (loss provided for)	24,164 27
Real Estate (other than Bank premises)	26,845 49
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank	49,809 76
Bank premises, including Safes, Vaults and Office Furniture, at Head Office and Branches	1,100,000 00
Other Assets, not included under foregoing heads	18,671 31
	\$43,804,195 62

E. HAY,

Assistant General Manager.

D. R. WILKIE,

General Manager.

The usual motions were presented and carried, unanimously.

The scrutineers appointed at the meeting reported the following gentlemen duly elected Directors for the ensuing year:—Messrs. D. R. Wilkie, Hon. Robert Jaffray; Wm. Ramsay of Bowland, Stow, Scotland; Elias Rogers, J. Kerr Osborne, Charles Cockshutt, Peleg Howland, Wm. Whyte (Winnipeg), Cawthra Mulock, Hon. Richard Turner (Quebec), Wm. Hamilton Merritt, M.D. (St. Catharines).

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors Mr. D. R. Wilkie was elected President and the Hon. Robert Jaffray Vice-President for the ensuing year.

WEEK END TRIPS

After your week's work and worry is over there is nothing more refreshing to both mind and body than a little pleasure trip. In consideration of this The Grand Trunk Railway System have made arrangements to issue return tickets to a great many points in Ontario at single fare with ten cents added, good going Saturday or Sunday returning any train Monday. Full information at city office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

The marriage of Miss Gabrielle Terroux, daughter of Mr. Charles Terroux, of Montreal, to Mr. Oswald S. Boulton, will take place quietly at St. Louis de France church, Montreal, on June 10.

Mrs. Charles Kingsmill and her family will be in town next month. Rear Admiral and Mrs. Kingsmill sailed this week for England.

Captain and Mrs. Charles Boone spent the week-end in Muskoka.

THE marriage of Mr. Beverley McInnes and Miss Muriel Macdougall will take place on June 9, in St. James' Cathedral, and after the ceremony Mrs. Macdougall will hold a reception at 211 Spadina road.

The marriage of Mr. Ralph Wyatt Hoskins and Miss Marion R. Harris, daughter of Mr. George Harris, of Winnipeg, takes place in St. Luke's church, Winnipeg, on Tuesday, June 16.

Several small luncheons were given on each day this week, the guests going on to the races afterwards. On Wednesday evening a number of people dined at the Hunt Club. On Monday evening Mrs. Arthur Sprague entertained Attorney General Gray at dinner at the Golf Club, after the races.

The engagement is announced of Miss Hazel Johnston, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Johnston, Wingham, and Mr. Charles M. Bell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bell, Southampton. The marriage will take place very quietly the second week in June.

The marriage of Mr. W. Leggett, of Hamilton, and Miss Eleanor Creighton, of Brantford, takes place in Grace church, Brantford, on Saturday, June 13.

Next Wednesday at three the marriage of Miss Ethel Perry and Mr. F. C. Brooke takes place in St. Thomas' church.

The marriage of Miss Florence Evelyn Kemp, second daughter of Mr. A. E. Kemp, M.P., of Castle Frank, and Mr. Albert Henry Courtney Proctor, takes place in Sherbourne street Methodist church on June 16, at half past two o'clock. The ceremony will be followed by a reception at Castle Frank.

The engagement of Miss Kate McDermid, daughter of Mr. D. McDermid, 43 Avenue road, and Mr. Edward S. Clarke, of Winnipeg, is announced.

Mrs. Robert J. Allen is spending a few weeks in New York and Atlantic City, since her return from California.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas J. Macdougall have removed from Aylmer avenue to Roxborough street.

The marriage of Dr. R. S. Richardson, son of the late Samuel Richardson, and Miss Pearl Aubin Mauthie, was celebrated in the Church of St. Augustine on Monday week, Rev. F. G. Plummer officiating. Orchids and palms were effectively used in decoration of the church and Mr. Reid played the bridal music. Miss Marjorie Nicoll, niece of the groom, and Miss Pearl Hunt, of Kingston, led the bride's procession as flower girls, wearing white silk frocks and white hats with Marguerites, and carrying baskets of Marguerites tied with green ribbons. The three bridesmaids, Miss Anna Higginbotham, Miss Tillie Kerrison and Miss Margaret Thompson, wore white silk gowns, white hats trimmed with daisies and tulle, and carried shower bouquets of daisies. The bride was brought in and given away by her father, Mr. Fred Mauthie, and wore an exquisite gown of Duchess satin, with court train and panel of Guipure lace. The guimpe was embroidered with seed pearls, and a tulle veil and orange blossoms completed the toilette. The bridal bouquet was of roses and orchids. Dr. H. M. Little, of Owen Sound, was best man, and four old school friends of the groom, Drs. Haywood, Sheard, Sheppard and Taylor, were ushers. The groom's nephew, Master Victor Redway, was the bride's page. Dr. Richardson gave the bride a fine diamond ring, her attendants pearl crescents, and his best man and ushers initial cuff-buttons. Mrs. Richardson gave the young couple a handsome cheque, and many beautiful gifts were presented by relatives and friends. A reception was held by Mrs. Mauthie, after the ceremony, among those present being: Mrs. Richardson, in a handsome sequin gown with diamonds; Mrs. Mauthie, in champagne silk embroidered in wheat ears, brown hat and plumes, and bouquet of roses; Mrs. H. P. Redway, point d'esprit over pink silk; Mrs. Tait, of Huntsville, grey, relieved with blue; Mrs. E. F. Clarke, black sequin gown, and hat with white plumes; Mrs. Lorne Marsh, of Belleville, cream lace over cream silk; Mrs. Edward Hunt, of Kingston, cream serge gown and white hat; Mrs. M. Nicoll, mauve chiffon white hat and diamonds. Dr. and Mrs. Richardson are sailing next



Beautiful New Waists at \$12.00

Regular Values, \$16.50, \$18.00, \$20.00 and \$25.00

Here's a magnificent collection of exclusive designs in new lingerie waists from which you will be able to make a choice at \$12.00, instead of having to pay anywhere from \$16.50 to \$25.00. It is the finest collection of novelties ever imported by us and by far the most notable offering that our waist section ever presented. A written description, were it ever so clear, would fall short of doing justice to this gathering of waists, so your better plan will be to visit our waist section for a personal inspection of these lovely things. Selling price now \$12.00, instead of \$16.50 to \$25.00. 2nd floor.

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For Sale by Leading Wine Merchants

JOHN HOPE & CO.

Agents for Canada

MONTREAL

month for Europe, and will be for a year in Vienna and London while Dr. Richardson takes up post-graduate work in medicine.

The Rusholme Lawn Tennis Club formally opened its courts for the season on Saturday afternoon, the 23rd inst. Tea was served in the tearoom of the club house, and the attendance was very large. The club, which is one of the oldest in the city, was first organized in the year 1894, Lt.-Col. Denison, M.P., C.M.G., being the first Hon. President, and Dr. W. Aude, the first President. The courts at that time were on Rusholme road, near Dundas street, and consisted of four grass courts only. The site of the first courts is now covered with residences and the present courts are located on the old Orchard Rink grounds. They are the best and most extensive courts in the city, and probably in the province. The new and commodious club house is just completed and the club is looking forward to a most successful season, with five teams entered in the City League. Mr. G. T. Pepall, this year's President, was the first Treasurer, and has been a member of the Executive almost continuously since the inception of the club.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

BIRTHS.
MORTON—At Prince Albert, Sask., May 18, to Mr. and Mrs. Nelson W. Morton, a daughter.
CLARK—In Toronto, May 22, to Dr. and Mrs. Harold Clark, a daughter.
BARR—At the Cottage Hospital, Toronto, May 26, the wife of Rev. A. Fordyce Barr, of Whitby, of a daughter.
GRAY—In Toronto, May 26, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Gray, a son.

MARRIAGES.
MACKLIN-GRAHAM—At St. Mary's church, Barrie, May 26, Anna May, youngest daughter of the late Jas. Graham, Barrie, to Francis G. Macklin, son of Wm. Macklin, Esq., Stratford.
SMITH-PALMER—In New York City, May 18, Joyce, only daughter of Mr. Sydney Parnell Palmer, of New York, to Irving Wells Smith, of Toronto.

DEATHS.
BAIN—In Toronto, May 22, James Bain, D.C.L., Librarian Toronto Public Library, aged 65 years.
FAIRLIE—At Brantford, Ont., May 14, Eliza Fairlie, widow of the

late Phillip Fairlie, aged 82 years.
HOWARD—In Toronto, May 22, Allen McLean Howard, Sr., in his 84th year.
SELWYN—In London, Eng., May 24, Mabel, wife of Major Chas. H. Selwyn, and daughter of the late Walter S. Lee, of Toronto.
COXWELL—In Toronto, May 20, Mary Sophia, widow of the late W. H. Coxwell, of Toronto.

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A Chartered Bank of Canada is a safe and convenient repository for those special accounts people term "nest eggs." Some institutions, borrowing money from the public, may pay a rate of interest that is fractionally higher, but a depositor with a chartered Bank enjoys the protection of the Canadian Banking System and the money is subject to immediate withdrawal on demand.

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Burnett's
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"Leads all others for general excellence."



BREDIN'S HOME-MADE BREAD

It never varies in quality—

The finest quality.

And you wouldn't find a "sour" or "sad" loaf if you stood by and picked every loaf as it comes from the big super-heated ovens from May day to May day.

Phone North 133, and the Bredin's waggon will call.

Or get it at your grocer's—5 cents.

How about your Spring Dyeing and Cleaning

MEN'S LIST

Sponging & Pressing: Trousers 25c.; Suits 75c. and \$1.00.
Steam Cleaning & Pressing: Trousers 50 cents; Suits \$1.50 to \$1.75.
Dyeing & Pressing: Trousers 75 to 85 cents; Suits, \$2.50.

LADIES' LIST

Cleaned or Dyed: Dresses, \$1.50 to \$3.00; Silk and Satin Dresses, \$2.00 to \$5.00; Silk Blouses, 75 to \$2.00; Jackets, 75c. to \$2.00; Crumb Cloth, 50c. to \$2.50; Chenille Curtains, \$1.50 to \$2.00; Ostrich Plumes, Feathers and Tips, 10c to \$1.00; Kid Gloves cleaned, 10 to 50 cents.
Silk Drapes and Curtains, according to width and length.
Silk, Felt, Straw and Panama Hats Cleaned, Dyed, Re-blocked and Re-trimmed in the latest styles.
Express paid one way on goods from a distance.

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CANADA'S PROGRESS.

Canada's relative percentage of commercial growth for seven years (1895-1902) was 107 per cent., as compared with 47 per cent. growth in the United States, 26 per cent. in Great Britain, 38 per cent. in Germany, and 21 per cent. in France.

At Confederation, Canada's best customer was the United States. At the present time Great Britain takes nearly nine-tenths of our natural product exports.

While discovering that our best market lies "across the water," we have also discovered that we can manufacture "at home" goods which will compare in quality with those made in any other country in the world.

An outstanding example of the fact is furnished in the "Canadian" Automobile and Vehicle Tires made by the Canadian Rubber Company of Montreal. These Tires are "built to wear," and guaranteed.

They are sold all over Canada. Toronto branch, Front and Yonge streets. Telephone Main 207.

"Were the amateur theatricals good?" "Splendid! I never saw anything worse."—Life.

Society at the Capital

THE State Ball, which was given by Their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Grey, at Government House on Wednesday evening, the 20th, was as usual, the red-letter event of the season's many gayeties. Although, perhaps, not so full of the "abandon" of thorough enjoyment to the "younger set," as a less formal and less crowded gathering, yet it is always a brilliant function and one which attracts a great many visitors from points outside the Capital, as well as a very full complement of Ottawans.

The weather on Wednesday, although a trifle damper than one would choose, was sufficiently warm to make the spacious verandahs at Rideau Hall, which were softly lighted with many Chinese lanterns, most desirable for sitting out, especially during the earlier part of the evening when the ball room was a trifle too crowded for comfort. At ten o'clock the Guard's band struck up the National Anthem, to announce the entrance to the ball room of Their Excellencies, and immediately afterwards the conventional quadrille d'honneur, which is one of the principal features of the evening, was danced. Their Excellencies and some of the most distinguished of the guests present taking part in it.

The floral decorations in the ball room, corridors and drawing rooms were particularly lovely, exquisite blooming plants with palms and ferns being placed in every available nook and corner. In the conservatory waiting easy-chairs found many applicants during the evening, and another cosy resting place was afforded the weary dancers in the temporary erection, which adjoined the verandahs and was connected thereto by a covered passage, the walls of which were draped with vari-colored bunting. This was furnished with comfortable chairs, sofas, etc., and was also utilized as a buffet, where refreshing beverages could be enjoyed while resting between dances. Supper was served at midnight in the Racquet Court, where Their Excellencies occupied a table in the centre, gorgeously decorated with red shaded candelabra and deep red carnations in generous profusion. Near to this were arranged three round tables, each one accommodating about twenty guests, and the decorations were here carried out in pink carnations and pink shaded lights.

Those taking part in the state quadrille were His Excellency, who had for his partner, Lady Laurier; Her Excellency, with Hon. W. S. Fielding; Lady Sybil Grey, with Hon. G. P. Graham; Mrs. Frank Oliver and Hon. Wm. Pugsley; Mrs. Pugsley and Hon. Nesbitt Kirchhoff; Mrs. Graham and Gen. Otter; Mrs. Clifford Sifton and Hon. R. F. Sutherland; Mrs. Lake and Hon. J. B. T. Casgrain.

The gaily colored uniforms of the many officers present, combined with the handsome gowns of the ladies, the majority of which were of rich white material, or pale tints, made an extremely pleasing picture. Limited space permits the mention of only a small number of the exquisite toilets worn, some of which were as follows: Her Excellency, Lady Grey, who is still wearing mourning, wore a very handsome gown of black chiffon, studded in jet and sequins, the corsage relieved with drapings of white tulle and a bunch of crimson roses. She wore her magnificent diamond tiara and necklace. Lady Sybil Gray was a graceful figure in a gown of ivory satin, the sleeves being of silver spangled tulle. Mrs. Hanbury-Williams' gown, a most becoming one, was of violet satin, the skirt having a deep flounce of rich Brussels lace headed with a band of green foliage. She wore the Order of St. John of Jerusalem and diamond ornaments. Miss Gladys Hanbury-Williams was much admired in silver-spangled Indian gauze, gracefully draped over white satin. Mrs. Arthur Sladen wore black net embroidered in gold. Lady Laurier's gown was of white chiffon embroidered in pink rosebud design over white satin. Her guest, Mrs. Sheriff, of Brockville, wore a very pretty toilette of pale pink satin. Mrs. Clifford Sifton was very handsome in ivory satin embroidered heavily in gold and silver in wheat design, with some lovely old lace on the bodice, and her ornaments were emeralds and diamonds. Mrs. Pugsley's gown was of cream lace with Irish lace trimmings. Lady Ross was in pale blue velvet, trimmed with silver braid in Greek design, and had her hair arranged very becomingly in Grecian style. Mrs.

Gilbert Fauquier looked very well in cream duchesse satin with old rose point lace trimmings. Madame de Loyonnes, of Montreal, wife of the recently appointed French Consul, in that city, wore maize silk embroidered in silver and Miss de Loyonnes was in blue silk with lovely lace and opalescent sequins. Miss Abel, of Toronto, wore a very striking Parisian toilette of black net elaborately embroidered in cut steel and silver and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Miss Ruth Sherwood, one of the prettiest girls in the room, was in pale pink satin striped chiffon over satin, with touches of velvet of a deeper shade. Mrs. Britton Francis, of Toronto, wore a very effective costume of white net, embroidered in Grecian design over pale blue silk. Mrs. Neilson, who with Col. Neilson, came up especially for the ball wore black sequined net over satin. Miss Annie Mackay, of Montreal, was in pale blue crepe de chine, with silver sequins and carried a bouquet of crimson roses and lily of the valley. Mrs. Taylor, of Kingston, wife of the Commandant of the Royal Military College, who with her husband was the guest of Col. and Mrs. Irwin for the occasion, wore black lace over white satin and diamond ornaments. Miss Winifred Gormley was stunning in an Empire gown of white satin with trimmings of exquisite Irish lace. Miss Katharine Steele, of Toronto, who is staying with Lady Davies, wore pale yellow. Mrs. J. W. Woods wore one of the handsomest gowns in the room, it being of cloth of silver, with appliques of old rose points, the corsage outlined with small roses, set with glistening rubies.

The ball brought many visitors from points outside the Capital, and besides those already mentioned, who came up especially to attend it were Mrs. Ogilvie, of Quebec, who is the guest of Mrs. Carleton Jones, at Cochrane Lodge; Mr. and Mrs. Molson Macpherson, of Quebec, who were with Mr. and Mrs. John Gilmore; Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Frost, who stayed with Hon. T. T. and Mrs. Frost; Miss Creelman, of Montreal, the Misses Edwards, of Carleton Place; Miss Cecile Casgrain, of Cornwall, Ont., and Miss Elsie Gillies, of Pembroke, who was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Fripp, besides many others.

THE CHAPERONE,
Ottawa, May 25, 1908.

Pussy Willows.

OLD and gray the marshes quiver,
Touched by dawn the hilltops glow;

Tinkling runs the vagrant river
Where the pussy willows grow.

Wands of russet, lightly bending,
Flecked with catkins soft as down,
Ye have word of winter's ending—
Come! We'll take the news to town!

Pussy willows! Pussy willows!
See their tiny velvet pillows,
Freed of ice, in laughing billows
Leaps the stream where late they grew.

Breezes playing set them swaying;
Hear their whispered voices saying:
"Bid us welcome! Hither straying,
We have brought the spring to you!"

—New York Sun.

The Busy Hotel Runner.

FOR the benefit of those who may be making the delightful St. Lawrence trip this season for the first time, the following remarks from the New York Sun are reprinted. A good many writers on United States papers manufacture racy articles about things as they are done in Canada, without ever crossing the line. The Sun man, who refers to the Montreal hotel runner as a unique specimen of his class, evidently speaks from experience. He says:

The Amalgamated Union of Tourist Persuaders, otherwise and also unofficially known as the Grand Order of Hotel Runners, will resume active operations in a few days on the St. Lawrence river. The hotel runner exists all over the world, but his peculiar habitat is in the vicinity of Montreal.

Every hotel of consequence in Montreal maintains two or more hotel runners in the tourist season. One band of these peace disturbers haunts the boats coming from Quebec, another seeks its prey on the boats from Toronto and the Thousand Islands, while still others guard the other travelled ways into the city.

Hotel running has got to be a profession in the principal city across the northern border. The job requires smooth address, a persuasive tongue and adaptability to persons and circumstances.

Supposing you are enjoying a trip

COLGATE'S TALC POWDER

This healing and soothing Powder is prepared from the formula of an eminent physician in charge of a baby hospital. Its antiseptic and medicinal qualities wonderfully adapt it for the Toilet and Nursery. Safest for Mother and Child.

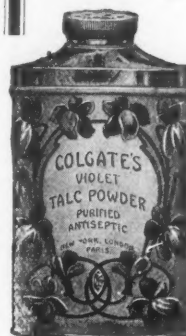


BEST FOR BABIES
MOTHERS KNOW

For chafing, chapped hands, excessive perspiration, cuts and bruises, after shaving or bathing, it is unequalled. For a cut it is better than alum. It rests tired feet, and makes dressing easy.

In three styles,
Violet, Cashmere Bouquet, Unscented.

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"The fact that Colgate's Violet and Cashmere Bouquet Talc Powders exert an inhibitory action on the growth of bacteria, recommends them as being admirably suited for use both on infants and adults."

Prof. VIRGIL COBLENTZ, Ph. D. Ph. M., F.C.S.

Trial packages of both Cashmere Bouquet Talc Powder and Cashmere Bouquet Soap sent for 10c. (in stamps). Full size packages for 25c. each if not obtainable locally. Colgate & Co., Dept. F, Coristine Bldg., Montreal.

Est. 1806.

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AND
NURSES



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ALE, PORTER
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NOTED FOR PURITY, BRILLIANCY AND
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"12 inches to a foot"
and every inch of your
footwear will fit you neatly
and comfortably if you buy
your next pair of shoes at

BLACHFORD'S

PHONE MAIN 491

114 YONGE ST.
"The Store That
Fits The Feet"

A Foot Rule

down the river from the Thousand Islands. You are having an after dinner cigar on deck and taking in the scenery at your leisure, when a well dressed stranger next to you engages you in conversation.

Maybe you are in the mood to talk and welcome the intrusion. You find he is well informed on the things to be seen along the river and is just as willing to talk on any other subject. It may well be that you adjourn to the bar.

There is nothing ragged in his work. He will learn quite easily and naturally that you are going to stop in Montreal, and how long a stay you expect to make. You might expect that he would then spring an argument on you in favor of some particular hotel, but he won't. As

he starts to leave you he will say something about like this:

"Well, I'll see you to-night, I suppose. Of course you stop at the Blank."

Now it may be that you do stop at the Blank, and tell him so. If so his work is done. But if you name another hotel or seem in doubt as to where you are going he will up and at you.

All very kindly done, of course, but you are persuaded very soon that the Blank is the only place there is. He will offer to look after your baggage and attend to any other little matters.

When he has landed you he passes on to another traveller, and another member of the Hotel Runners' Society tackles you. If you have al-

ready decided he will let you alone, but if you haven't you are in for another period of persuasion. The best thing to do is to decide definitely early in the game; if you don't you will have no peace until the boat has passed through the last of the rapids and docked.

But these hotel runners stick to their promises. They will help you through the customs lines, get a carriage for you, arrange for rooms at the hotel, and if you like, help you to do the town in the evening. And the next day they take an early train up the river and meet the next boat.

"They say it's hard to live with a genius," "Bosh! Were not all women geniuses, how would most families exist?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

KAY'S

Carpets, Furniture,
Draperies
Wall Papers

KAY'S

Summer Furnishings

Now that summer is here the verandah or porch is rightly looked upon as perhaps the most important place about the house. Wise people live there as much as possible, and regard a little time and money spent in making it attractive and comfortable as a profitable investment.

We carry a great assortment of Verandah Chairs, Rockers, Settees, Swings, Tables, etc., in wicker, cluta rush, cane, and painted wood—strong and durable furniture, yet light in weight, and most reasonably priced.

We have also an especially good stock of Bedroom, Living-Room, and Dining-Room Furniture built on plain, simple lines; just the kind you will like for your summer home.

The few items below will serve to illustrate the splendid values obtainable here.

Bedroom Suite, No. 715—Two pieces in white enamel. Dresser as oval mirror of British bevel plate. A pretty design. Price 17.50	Dresser, No. 3, in solid oak, good size, oval mirror of British bevel plate; four drawers. Price only 11.50
Wood Bedstead, No. 19, in white enamel, a dainty pattern, with square posts and uprights. Price 13.00	Cheffonier, No. 106, to match No. 3 dresser, has five drawers, no mirror. Price 7.50
Iron Bedstead, in white enamel, fitted with brass rods and knobs, a neat and well-finished bedstead, any size. Price 5.25	Dresser, No. 5, early English oak, or fumed, a nice mission design, with large British plate mirror and dull brass handles. Price 23.00
	Cheffonier to match 23.00
	Bedstead to match 15.00

A Booklet on Summer Furnishings

Our eight-page booklet on "Furniture and Furnishings for Porch and Bungalow" is illustrated with numerous cuts. We will promptly mail copies to out-of-town residents on request. Write for one.

JOHN KAY COMPANY, LIMITED
36 and 38 King St. West

The WOLFE-MONTCALM MONUMENT at QUEBEC

The Famous Memorial which will be a Centre of Interest During the Tercentenary Celebrations.

DR. HENRY J. MORGAN, of Ottawa, writes:

How often have I, when a small boy, playing with my companions under the wide-spreading maples in the Governor's Garden, Quebec—how often have I wondered why so many strangers came there, to view the monument standing at the entrance of that beautiful and favorite place of resort, and why so many of them copied into their note books the inscription emblazoned thereon. To our childish mind those Latin characters: MORTEM VIRTUS COMMUNEM FAMAM HISTORIA MONUMENTUM POSTERITAS conveyed no meaning—embodied no idea. We knew, of course, from the names standing out in bold relief upon one side of the column that it had been dedicated to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, the heroic leaders in the great combat which many years before had decided the fate of half a continent, but anything further was a mystery to us—and perhaps a matter of indifference. Our interest, for the time being, was centered in other things, and lay in widely different directions.

And yet, as the months and the years passed, the influence of the monument, in drawing people to it, seemed to increase and grow deeper. The young, as well as the old, the poor with the opulent, the unlearned with those whose names stood for much in the world of literature and science—all found their way to the spot. One day we would be interrupted in our play by seeing "General" Tom Thumb drive up in a gilded chariot drawn by four cream-colored ponies almost as diminutive as himself (Oh! the wild delight of the spectacle); on another it would be the American Consul, in a coach and four, having with him the great Daniel Webster, Charles Sumner, Henry Clay or William Henry Seward; on another the Honorable Henry Black, C.B., the Judge of the Court of Vice-Admiralty, who was reputed to have declined every public office under the sun, preferring the quiet of his library and the society of men as erudite as himself, would appear upon the scene, in company with Mr. Washington Irving, Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne, Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, Mr. W. C. Macready, or some other equally distinguished stranger; or it would be Lord Elgin, the Governor-General, attended by Colonel Irvine, his favorite A.D.C., and escorting Hon. Joseph Howe, Mr. John Bright, M.P. of Liverpool, or mayhap, the Earl and Countess of Eglinton, of tournament fame. No one coming to the ancient capital failed to pay his respects to Lord Dalhousie's chaste and dignified obelisk, which, as we soon learned, was so full of meaning for all of us. MILITARY VIRTUE GAVE THEM A COMMON DEATH, HISTORY A COMMON FAME. POSTERITY A COMMON MONUMENT.

How often, in after years, have I heard classical scholars, of the admittedly high reputation of Edmund Allen Meredith, Dr. John McCaul, Dr. John Cook, Father Quiblier, Bishop Mountain, Robert Grant Haliburton, or Sir Edmund Walker Head discuss the merits of the Quebec journalist's lines, with a view to their amendment in some particular, but, in the end, always acknowledging their inability to make any change in them, save as would pervert their meaning or mar their beauty. And so, although John Charlton Fisher, their gifted author's remains, repose somewhere in the recesses of the broad Atlantic (for he died and was buried at sea), his name will be preserved, for all time, in the noble epitaph which he has left for the fathers and founders of our national fabric.

PLUTARCH relates that when King Antigonus went to visit Antagorus, the philosopher, he found him busied in the cooking of eels. "Do you think," said Antigonus, "that Homer, at such a time as he wrote the glorious actions of Agamemnon, was boiling eels?" "And do you think," said the other, "that Agamemnon, when he performed these actions, used to concern himself whether any man in his camp boiled eels or not?"

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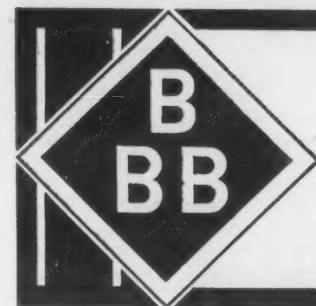
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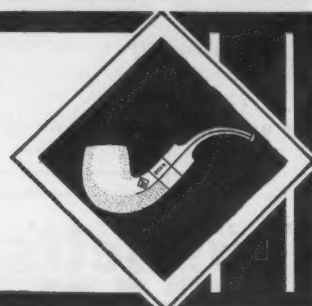
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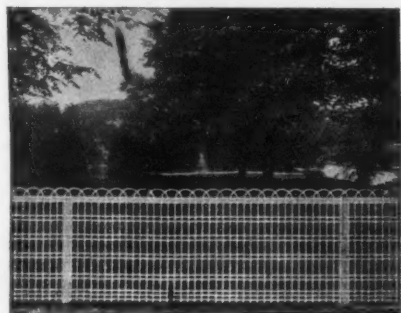
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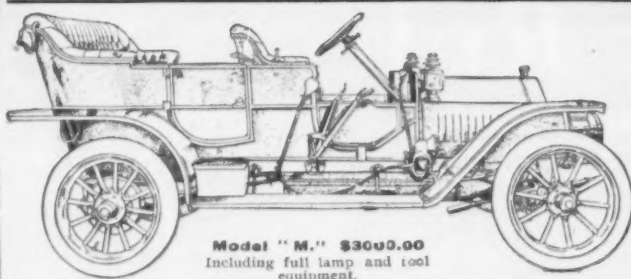
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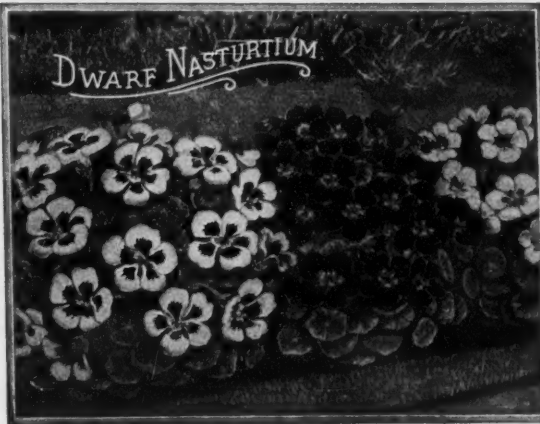
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